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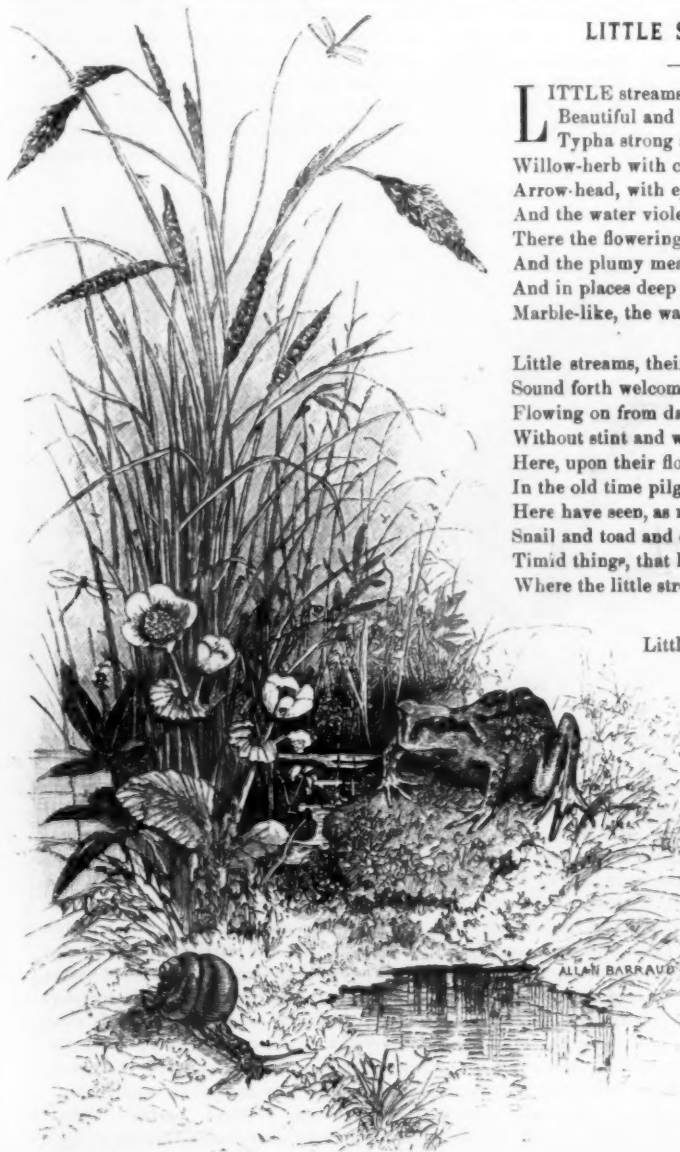
## LITTLE STREAMS.

**L**ITTLE streams have flowers many,  
Beautiful and fair as any;  
Typha strong and green bur-seed;  
Willow-herb with cotton-seed;  
Arrow-head, with eye of jet,  
And the water violet.  
There the flowering rush you meet,  
And the plummy meadow sweet,  
And in places deep and stilly,  
Marble-like, the water-lily.

Little streams, their voices cheery,  
Sound forth welcomes to the weary.  
Flowing on from day to day,  
Without stint and without stay;  
Here, upon their flowery bank,  
In the old time pilgrims drank;  
Here have seen, as now pass by,  
Snail and toad and dragon-fly—  
Timid things, that have their dwelling  
Where the little streams are welling.

Little streams are light  
and shadow  
Flowing through  
the pasture-mea-  
dow,  
Flowing by the  
green wayside,  
Through the forest  
dim and wide,  
Through the hamlet  
still and small—  
By the cottage, by  
the hall,  
By the ruined abbey  
still—  
Turning, here and  
there, a mill,  
Bearing tribute to  
the river—  
Little streams, I  
love you ever.

(523)



## NICE.

LIKE Athens, which grew into a historic city from the primitive hill-fort on the Acropolis, Nice can trace its origin to the prehistoric settlement on the outstanding calcareous rock which is now called the Châteaueu. Ligurian shepherds and herdsmen raised their rude huts on the summit of this rock, which is a part of the long ridge of Cimiez, separated at one time by the action of the water of the Paglione, and fenced themselves in with a strong palisade. Commanding a magnificent outlook of the whole country round about, the Greek navigators became familiar with it as a landmark, and in course of time a small Ionic colony established itself at the foot of the rock, where the little cove, now called Ponchettes—deeper then than now—

posed that the temple of Diana, which was invariably placed by the Phocians near the port in all their settlements, stood on the site of their present cathedral, whose substructures are of very ancient masonry, and exhibit the same orientation and rectangular shape peculiar to Pagan temples. After a time, the Romans conquered the place, but they allowed the Greek colony, which consisted principally of sailors and of people engaged in trade, to inhabit their mean homes under the shadow of the castle-hill and to enjoy a kind of half independence in their seafaring pursuits, while they established themselves on the neighboring inland height of Cimiez, from whence they governed the surrounding country. Hence the Roman remains at Nice are few and unimportant, consisting of three sarcophagi of the fifth century, the remains of a small temple on the summit of



THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS.

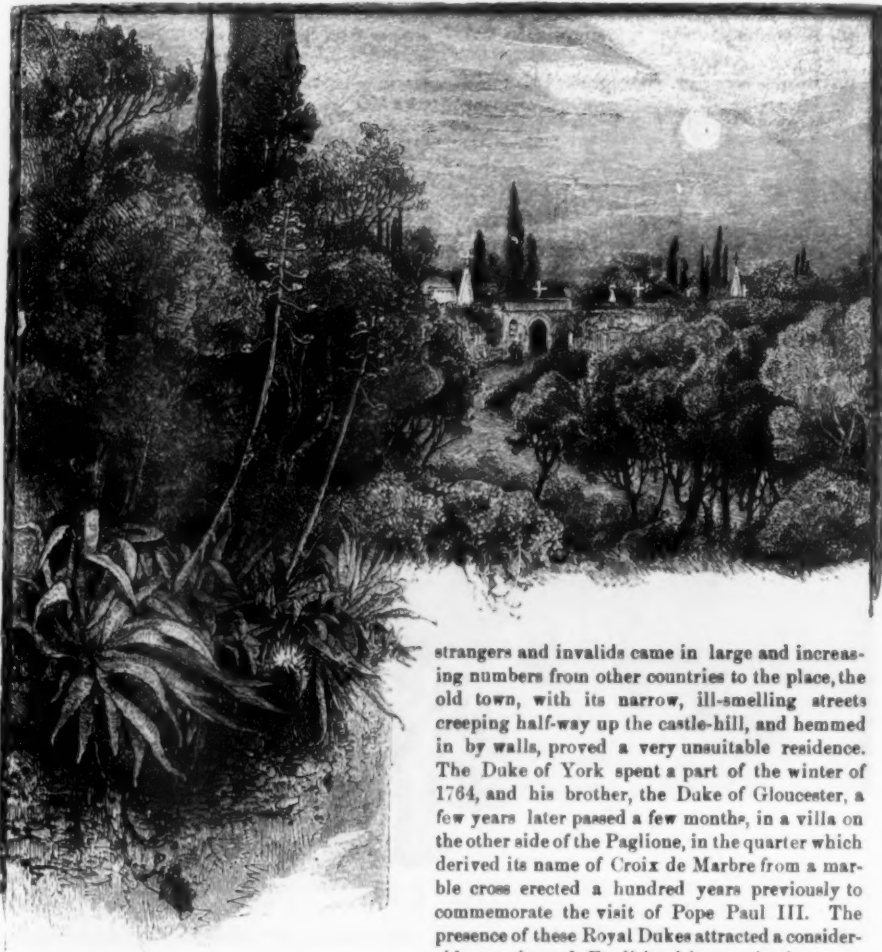
afforded a natural shelter. This position was not secured without a struggle with the native possessors of the soil, in which the Greeks were the conquerors; and, in memory of their victory, obtained three hundred and fifty years before Christ, they called their infant city Nicæa, or Nike. The Ligurians were driven from their rocky fastness, and left to their Greek successors the platform on the top, to be to them, like the Acropolis of their beloved Athens, a citadel and a place of refuge. But, however long they occupied it, they did not succeed in obliterating all traces of the former occupiers. Recently the ruins of tombs and of prehistoric buildings, along with stone implements and the massive vaulting of an underground edifice, have been discovered. Unmistakable relics, also, of the Greek occupation have been found on the spot; and it is sup-

posed that the temple of Diana, which was invariably placed by the Phocians near the port in all their settlements, stood on the site of their present cathedral, whose substructures are of very ancient masonry, and exhibit the same orientation and rectangular shape peculiar to Pagan temples. After a time, the Romans conquered the place, but they allowed the Greek colony, which consisted principally of sailors and of people engaged in trade, to inhabit their mean homes under the shadow of the castle-hill and to enjoy a kind of half independence in their seafaring pursuits, while they established themselves on the neighboring inland height of Cimiez, from whence they governed the surrounding country. Hence the Roman remains at Nice are few and unimportant, consisting of three sarcophagi of the fifth century, the remains of a small temple on the summit of

Tenda range, is one of the finest views in the South of Europe. This hill of Nice combines a wonderful variety of interests. To the geologist, the dolomite, or coral-reef, of which it is composed, has yielded in its fissures and caverns the bones of elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and several extinct quadrupeds, along with several marine shells and the remains of fresh-water turtle,

is as extensive and far-reaching as the physical view which the situation commands. While to the lover of the picturesque in nature and art, and even to the most delicate invalid, the shady walks and quiet, contemplative nooks, and the splendid outlook of sea and town and Alpine range, afford a continual feast of enjoyment.

About the middle of the last century, when



CEMETERY.

presenting some puzzling problems. To the student of history the plateau on the top is a palimpsest of different eras and civilizations, the one superimposed upon, but not obliterating, the other—the Ligurian oppidum, the Phœnician settlement, the Greek Acropolis, the Roman castrum, and the fortress of the Middle Ages; and the vista that one obtains here into the history of the past

strangers and invalids came in large and increasing numbers from other countries to the place, the old town, with its narrow, ill-smelling streets creeping half-way up the castle-hill, and hemmed in by walls, proved a very unsuitable residence. The Duke of York spent a part of the winter of 1764, and his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, a few years later passed a few months, in a villa on the other side of the Paglione, in the quarter which derived its name of Croix de Marbre from a marble cross erected a hundred years previously to commemorate the visit of Pope Paul III. The presence of these Royal Dukes attracted a considerable number of English visitors, who began to build houses and villas in the neighborhood and made the place fashionable. Originally the ground was waste and marshy, and within the last twenty years large spaces were covered with pools of water filled with weeds and water-plants. After this a powerful impulse was given to the development of the town; another bridge was erected over the Paglione; new streets and large hotels sprung up as if by magic; the magnificent Promenade des Anglais, during a season of severe dis-

tree, was made at the expense of the English residents, who thus gave employment to the poor inhabitants; the Avenue de la Gare was formed as the principal street, with numerous handsome streets and boulevards branching off on either side, shaded by plane-trees, and having, many of them, plots in front adorned with palm and orange trees, acacias, and the splendid broad crinkled leaves and huge purple flowers of the Wigandia.

Nice has now a population of eighty thousand, while its port is the third in commercial import-

and export, the bare, rugged head of Mount Chauve, with all the suggestiveness of wild nature, looks down upon the visitor when mingling with the gayly-dressed crowd, and regarding with a side glance the treasures of shop-windows as attractive as those of Paris. The Paglione, which is a characteristic mountain torrent descending from the snows of the Col de Tenda, cleaves the city in twain, and opens up along its course a splendid vista of the receding heights; while its wide, stony bed, nearly always dry, utilized as a bleaching-ground for



PUBLIC GARDEN.

ance on the northern shores of the Mediterranean. It has all the attractions and resources of a luxurious capital, while its Carnival is the finest in Europe. A large number of the shop-windows are filled with preserved fruits and candied sweets, with beautiful masses of flowers, and with a great variety of ornamental articles of olive-wood mosaic, with the favorite device of a swallow on the wing and the motto "*Je reviendrai*" inscribed upon them—three of the principal commodities of Nice. Nearly all the streets command charming views of the surrounding hills; and the

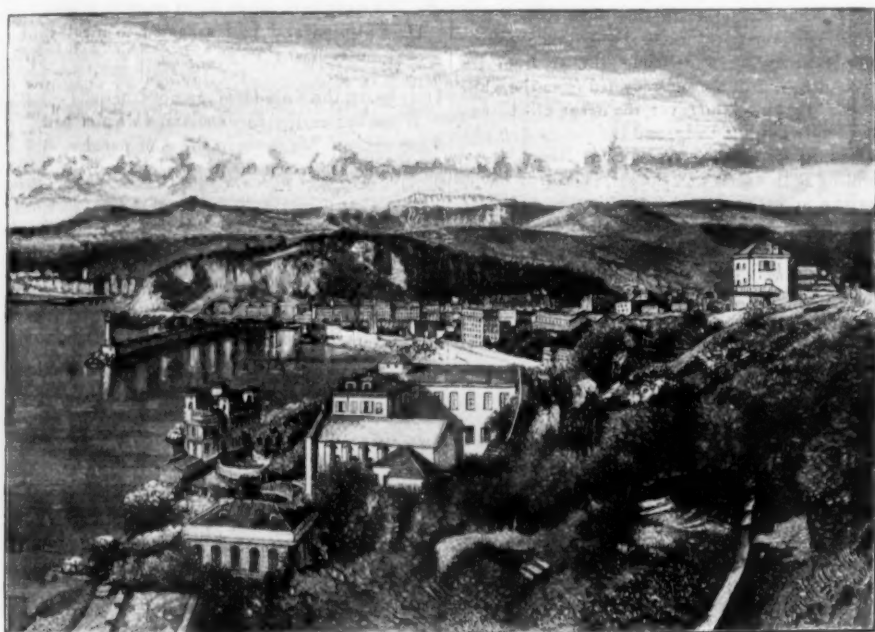
washerwomen, is overarched by several bridges, and in its lowest part is covered over by a glaring white casino and a pleasure-garden, in which is a statue of Massena, who, like Garibaldi, was born in Nice, and conferred his name upon some of the streets. The most fashionable lounge is the "*Jardin des Plantes*," farther down near the mouth of the river, which, planted with magnolia, palm, acacia, and other beautiful evergreen trees, affords a pleasant shade in the hot noon, is rendered still more agreeable by the plash of a fountain and the strains of band music. The surrounding amphi-



theatre of bare, calcareous hills reflects the heat and the mirror of the Mediterranean the light of the sun; and thus the direct and reflected sunshine floods all the streets and houses with a glow of warmth and radiance which make a perpetual summer in the place.

The most attractive spot about Nice is undoubtedly Cimiza. This gently sloping hill, about four hundred feet above the level of the sea, has been a favorite residence since the Roman Emperor Gallienus sent his delicate wife, Salonnica, there to recover her health. The air is softer and more soothing at this elevation than on the sea-shore; and those who cannot sleep in the exciting atmosphere of Nice may enjoy in the quietude and

lounge anywhere than in the Public Garden, which occupies a triangular space of ground between the mouth of the Paglione and the Promenade des Anglais. The extent of the place is only a few acres, but it has been laid out so cunningly that it seems quite a wilderness of verdure. The palms of this garden are not only remarkable for their size, but also for the abundance of their fruit. Opening out from the Public Gardens is the Promenade des Anglais—one of the finest esplanades in Europe—with magnificent hotels and private villas, embosomed in semi-tropical greenery on one side and on the other the blue water of the Mediterranean flashing in the sun. The painful whiteness of the road is relieved by



NICE.

stillness here a grateful and refreshing repose. Beautiful villas, inclosed each in its own little Eden of semi tropical vegetation, crowd the hill; and numberless paths lead into lovely dells, bright with wild-flowers, and through extensive olive-woods and up shaded heights, commanding between the openings the most charming views of the scenery about Nice. The white, dusty high-road from the city is itself made lovely by the glimpses which it gives on either side of paradises of cultivated beauty and by masses of the drooping yellow blossoms of the *Buddleia* and the red coral beads of the pepper-tree overhanging the walls.

On a hot day there is not a more delightful

a long line of palms, graceful, feathery tamarisks, oleanders, glossy-leaved pittosporums, and other foreign trees. The beach is covered with white shingle, with which the foam-tipped billows make a raking sound as they retreat from and advance to the same line on the shore; and overhead innumerable sea-gulls, rare elsewhere in the *Riviera*, attracted, it must be owned, by the sewage which is here discharged into the sea, skim the air; while crowds of gayly-dressed visitors sitting on the beach or walking slowly along the promenade, under the shade of many-colored umbrellas, add to the animation of the bright scene.

In the town the most interesting places are the

quays on either side of the river, where there are numerous very attractive shops. The Quai de Massena, so called after the great French Marshal, who was born in Nice, has a row of splendid palm-trees extending all the way to the Public Gardens, and in one corner an enormous Eucalyptus-tree, whose trunk, the almost fabulous growth of less than twenty years, takes the outstretched arms of two persons to embrace. Not far from this the bed of the river, crossed by several bridges, may be seen.

The principal street in Nice is the Avenue de la Gare, nearly a mile in length, which intersects the city in a straight line from north to south, leading from the river to the railway station. It contains most of the principal shops and hotels. It is a beautiful boulevard, shaded by elegant, umbrageous plane-trees, whose light, green foliage affords in spring a delicious shelter from the scorching glare of the sun reflected from the white street. In winter, however, the trees are leafless and somewhat unsightly, and the yellow fluff contained in its nut-like fruit, when dispersed and floating at this season in the air, is said to be injurious to patients afflicted with throat disease, and, indeed, the cause of much suffering. At the lower end, where the street opens into the pleasant square called Place Massena, there are on both sides handsome arcades, within whose shade the visitors and the inhabitants sit in front of the cafés and regale themselves at tables covered with their favorite beverages in the Parisian fashion.

A cemetery may be visited on the top of the Châteaux or Castle Hill. In this quiet home of the dead sleeps Leon Gambetta, whose clumsy catafalque is still covered with the faded wreaths and tinsel garlands laid upon it when he was interred here two years ago. The marble crosses and monuments around gleam white amid the dark shadows of cypresses, olives, and pine-trees; and from the highest point a wonderful outlook is obtained of the extensive amphitheatre of Nice and its glorious cincture of snow-clad Alps. To the west of Nice, a mile beyond the suburbs, is the lovely English cemetery—fast filling up, alas—which lies open to the sun continually, and has the blue waves of the Mediterranean always murmuring a sad requiem at its foot, while the roses bloom ceaselessly among the tombs from January to December, and the trees and flowers of southern climes, that make the darkness of death itself beautiful, forget to fade. Many a sorrowful heart in distant lands turns with deep yearning to this spot as the centre of its affections. Another touching memorial of the dead is the Russian chapel to the northwest of the railway station, just outside the city, which marks the site of the Villa Bermond, in which the Prince Imperial of Russia died on April 24th, 1865. It stands in a beautiful

orange grove, and the interior is elegantly decorated in the Byzantine style, in blue and gold, with rich mosaics and white marble paneling inclosing frescoes of saints in niches. The young Prince, who was prematurely wise and devout, had a presentiment of death long before he had any active symptom of disease, and is reported to have said then: "I should wish to live, and everything smiles upon me, but I feel that my happiness will not be here."

### PANSIES.

PANSIES, you say, to you are like small faces,  
And look up at you as you pass them by,  
As roguish children do in country places,  
Half pleased and half ashamed to meet your eye.

Dear heart, the little faces are not fancies.  
When fairies died in woodland vale and hill,  
They came to life again in shape of pansies,  
And, looking from the flowers, charm us still.

Look! here is Oberon in sable splendor,  
One golden star is shining in his vest,  
And this is fair Titania, tall and slender,  
In purple robe, with pearls upon her breast.

Here is Queen Mab in bronze; and these her ladies

In shimmering silks as changeful as the skies,  
And peeping from behind them are the babies,  
Clad all in white, with laughing azure eyes.

This lilac beauty, with the dusky freckles,  
Is dainty Ariel, that "winsome sprite,"  
And here, in velvet coat, with crimson speckles,  
Is "tricksy Puck," the mischief-loving wight.

And still they cast about us prosy mortals  
The spell that beauty doth forever bear,  
Lifting from palace doors and college portals  
Their lovely, smiling faces everywhere.

MRS. E. V. WILSON.

HOPE AND DISCOURAGEMENT.—Probably more of the idleness and thriftlessness of the unfortunate and the inertness and languor of others comes from repeated discouragements, draining away hope and energy, than from any other single cause. It is true that inaction and uselessness come also from other causes. There are people who are never discouraged, because they never have warm desires or put forth earnest efforts. Yet these are exceptions. Most of us are awayed alternately by the opposite feelings of hope and discouragement, and, as the former incites our powers to action, the latter benumbs and paralyzes them.

## THE RICE-PAPER PLANT.

THE *Aralia papyrifera* of botanists is a native of the island of Formosa, and is not found elsewhere. Its habit of growth is tree-like, but in structure it is wanting in that solidity which usually characterizes trees. The upper portion of

individually, these flowers are five-petaled; the calyx five-toothed, and the stamens, five in number, alternating with the petals in arrangement.

But the most important part of the plant, from a commercial point of view, is the snow-white pith with which the interior is filled. This is a spongy substance of a very fine texture, and when cut into



the stem is branched, and, together with the leaves and flowers, covered with down. The soft, loose-textured leaves are heart-shaped and lobed, and, when full grown, are about a foot in length. The small, greenish flowers spring in large panicles from the ends of the stem and branches, the panicles being made up of many smaller umbels.

thin plates and pressed, becomes the so-called rice-paper which the Chinese use for the manufacture of artificial flowers and other articles. When the plants have reached the age of about ten months they are cut down and left to soak for a few days in a running stream. The object of this treatment is to loosen the connection between

bark and pith. When this is effected, the pith is removed and cut into suitable lengths. It is taken in native crafts from Formosa to Chinchow, where the paper-cutter makes a slight, longitudinal slit throughout the length of the pith, and by dexterously and carefully turning the latter round, continuously, against the knife, he reduces the cylinder to one long, thin sheet of equal thickness.

### ABRAM WEEKS' STORM GIFT.

**A**BRAM WEEKS had drifted into Chinco-  
tegue one day, accompanied by his daughter,  
carrying in her arms a large black cat who  
rejoiced in the aristocratic cognomen of "the  
Prince." No one knew from whence the party  
had come, and the man and child were uncom-  
municative, saying little or nothing about them-  
selves; as for the cat, it was not to be expected  
of him, his language being unavailable. The  
utmost extent of the information given was, that  
they had come from "Down East," a vague term  
to the untraveled, illiterate inhabitants of the  
small fishing settlement on the shores of the  
Chesapeake Bay.

Weeks settled down with his daughter and sat  
on a small inclosure of land, fitted up an old, for-  
saken boat-house with a few of the barest neces-  
sities of life, bought a cow, which they turned out  
to graze on the small portion of salt meadow that  
directly surrounded them, and went to housekeep-  
ing in this primitive style.

His next move was to purchase a flat-bottomed  
batteau, mounting but one sail and easily managed  
by a single person. It was a second-hand affair—  
old, somewhat leaky, and requiring much atten-  
tion in respect to repairs; but it suited the man's  
purse and purpose.

Some advance was made at first toward soci-  
ability on the part of the neighbors, but it was  
met by a cold reserve that baffled the efforts of  
the most curious, and a determined look and a  
long shot-gun constituted the best protection to  
his newly acquired oyster-bed; therefore, Weeks,  
his daughter, and his cat were gradually left to  
themselves, earning, by their very exclusiveness,  
the suspicion and smouldering ill-will of their  
neighbors.

The negroes in the vicinity looked down upon  
them as "poor white trash," and with the white  
squatters they would not associate. They were  
quiet and inoffensive enough, attending to their  
affairs in an unobtrusive manner, neither giving  
favors nor expecting them in return.

Weeks pursued his oyster-dredging, earning  
thereby a small and precarious living, while Ju-  
liana Weeks—"Weeks's girl," as she was called  
—and Prince, the cat, kept house in the most ap-  
proved style. The blue waters of the Bay were

an inexhaustible store-house for them, a visit to  
this larder generally resulting in ample supplies  
without the necessary, and oftentimes hopeless,  
task of replenishment. While the stars were  
high in the sky and the first gray streak of dawn  
showed itself in the eastern heaven, Weeks was  
up and off, the old batteau was floated on the dark  
waters of the Bay, and the man, alone with nature,  
drew from her generous gifts sustenance for him-  
self and his small family. Gradually the light  
brightened and broadened and the sun showed  
his glowing face over the line of waters, searching  
out the crevices and cracks of the old boat-house  
and peeping through them with curious eyes at  
Juliana and "the Prince," asleep beside her, and  
finally pricking them into wakefulness with his  
shining, golden arrows.

"Weeks's girl" was not troubled with an exten-  
sive wardrobe and her toilet was easily made, and  
"the Prince" was ever arrayed in his black satin  
court-dress that was so exquisitely adapted to his  
supple and graceful form as to need no adjustment,  
and well he knew that his purveyor was out on  
his errands and that his coming was sure to be  
the harbinger of a dainty breakfast, for "the  
Prince" in these days lived in an earthly para-  
dise, his nectar and ambrosia lying at his very  
door-stone. So Juliana and he took their station  
in the doorway of the old boat-house and waited  
and watched both for the objects of their affections—  
the girl for her father and the cat for the fish.

Thus the summer sped away and the autumn  
came apace, with its flocks of reed-birds in the  
reeds and wild ducks dipping and quacking amid  
the sedges of the salt marshes, and Abram Weeks  
dredged his oyster-bed, bringing up the large  
tongs full of fat and succulent bivalves.

But the mellow autumn days did not last for-  
ever, and the chill November came and Weeks  
and his girl were glad to draw closer to the flick-  
ering drift-wood fire; but it was preferable to their  
discomfort as the winter advanced and sweeping  
storms came down with a shriek and a howl, shak-  
ing the frail structure and many times threatening  
to overturn it bodily.

Still, the cheerful fire, through the strenuous  
efforts of Abram Weeks, blazed right merrily,  
helped on by the song of the busy teakettle and  
the contented purr of "the Prince," for his wants  
were well supplied, even when the rest of the  
family needed. But the stern and grinding winter  
set in early and the cold deepened and strength-  
ened the frost 'long shore, until a broad expanse  
of ice covered the water for a weary way, present-  
ing an unsurmountable barrier to Weeks in the  
pursuit of his trade; and the cruel touch of want  
made itself felt in the little household as day  
after day passed without the old batteau being  
able to take its accustomed trips.

As troubles, like other birds of ill-omen, generally





fly in flocks, "Weeks's girl" was suddenly seized by violent illness, caused, the doctor said, by cold and exposure. Nor was it wonderful that day by day the crimson flush on the childish cheek deepened and the large, dark eyes became larger than ever and glowed with a feverish brightness; for the scanty store of drift-wood grew painfully less, and the sick child, nestling closely "the Prince" to her wasted frame, derived the greater part of her warmth from his soft, close fur.

Abram Weeks, with silent agony, watched the only link that bound him to life slowly slipping from him, and he was so powerless to hold it back. Stung with wretchedness, he would rush out of his home to the beach through the darkness of the night and cry aloud in his agony on the God whom he thought had deserted him.

Still the terrible frost held all things locked in its rigid embrace, and matters grew more and more serious within the old boat-house. The looks of hunger and wistful entreaty in the face of the sick child became, day by day, more pathetic, and the prayers to that God who never listened changed, on the lips of Abram Weeks, to curses of impotent rage and rebellion, until finally there came a day when an empty cupboard and black fire-place stared him in the face and the moans and restless mutterings of his sick child rang in his ears with maddening force. Once the ravings ceased, and he bent over the meagre little form in trembling fear. "O God!" he cried, in agony, "canst Thou do this thing to me? Where is Thy mercy?" But she was not dead, for the failing eyes opened with a feeble gleam of recognition.

"Is that you, daddy?" the weak voice whispered. "O daddy! I'm so tired and hungry!" And the strong man bowed his head on the scanty couch, shaking it with his sobs.

Suddenly he raised his head and listened—surely the wind had changed and blew from the east. He stepped quickly to the door, wetting his finger and holding it up. Yes, from the eastern quarter it came, and the air softened as it felt its influence. All that night Abram Weeks passed between his daughter's bed and the door of the boat-house, watching the wind and the warm rain that came down in sheets of water. As the light came to aid his vision, he ran down to the shore and strained his eyes out over the frozen surface. Surely the ice looked thinner and small air-holes were ominously appearing here and there. All day the rain fell and the east wind softened the ice and worked it into rifts and cracks, until at the twilight time it broke up with a sounding report and was borne to the right and left and tossed into all manner of fantastic forms by the action of wind and wave. But the strangest freak that was played in that February thaw was the lifting of five hundred fat and juicy oysters bodily

out of the bed of the rich John Foster, of Fostertown, carrying them down, and, when directly over the bed of Abram Weeks, this novel ice-sledge broke in two, depositing them then and there as nicely as if done by hands; and the next morning Abram Weeks went down on his knees in the bottom of his old batteau and raised his voice to heaven yet once again in the cry: "My God! forgive me; for Thou art better far to me even than I had asked!"

But Foster, of Fostertown, was loth to part thus with his property, and brought the case before the Justice of the Peace, showing that the oyster-bed of Abram Weeks was, contrary to law, partially in the channel; but the man of law decided that Providence knew best what was to be in the matter, and would not interfere with His decrees. So Weeks kept his oysters and Juliana and "the Prince" grew well and fat and enjoyed life as any other two such careless and happy creatures might.

Reader, this is an "over true tale," brightened, perhaps, by a touch or two of imagination to color the picture, but the main incidents are absolutely correct.

H. S. A.

### LOVE'S GREETING.

SWEET, the roses soon shall be  
Breathing low, my love, for thee;  
Sweet, the violets even yet  
Murmur, "I will not forget."

Sweet, the clover-tops shall spread  
Pillows for thy queenly head,  
And the buttercups shall twine  
Garlands for thy brow and mine.

Girt by lilies, white and gold,  
Still shall we our joys unfold,  
Living in love's languid spell  
All the dreams that poets tell.

Leaf and bud shall stoop to kiss  
Pain into a perfect bliss,  
And the laurel's green and gold  
Green shall be when love is old.

JOHN INGLESANT.

THE wish to succeed is an element in every undertaking without which achievement is impossible. The ambition to succeed is the mainspring of activity, the driving-wheel of industry, the spur to intellectual and moral progress. It gives energy to the individual, enthusiasm to the many, push to the nation. It makes the difference between a people who move as a stream and a people who stand like a pool.

## MY NEIGHBOR'S PARLOR.

"O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,

A sense of mystery the spirit daunted."

—HOOD.

WITHIN a few doors of my lodging in New York, in a large, old-fashioned house, lived, until a short time ago, a Mr. Bevington, whose acquaintance I made in a casual way during the settlement of an estate of which he was an executor and in which I, myself, was concerned as legal adviser. Something in the man attracted me strongly, and although at first he did not respond very cordially to my neighborly advances, when his reserve was once overcome I found him a most intelligent and entertaining gentleman of highly cultivated tastes and a mind well-stored with information. Bevington occupied his large house alone, and, as far as I could see, received no other visitors and was, with the exception of myself, entirely without friends, though, as I learned lately from acquaintances of his, he had been, until about two years before—at which time he had suddenly lost his wife and two children by an accident while traveling in Switzerland—a prominent and popular member of New York society.

At the beginning of our acquaintance, his melancholy disposition seemed to me the natural result of such a bereavement as he had suffered, and this also sufficiently explained his solitary mode of life and disinclination for society.

As our friendship ripened, however, instead of becoming more cheerful or resigned with the lapse of time, as was natural, his character seemed to grow even more gloomy, and at times his depression became so great that it suggested to me the approach of melancholia. In spite of his evident effort to shake off his fits of despondency by reading, study, and discussion of matters of general interest, he continued to become more restless, nervous, and silent, and as even to me he had always been exceedingly reserved about his personal and family affairs, I could only speculate on the reasons of his unceasing gloominess and more than ever suspected mental disease. Strange enough, as his taciturnity and abstraction increased, he seemed to be more than ever desirous of companionship and conversation, and even suggested once that I should leave my bachelor quarters and come to his house to live. Although I did not doubt the sincerity of his offer, I could see that he was somewhat relieved by my declining on the ground that we might wear out our friendship if we saw too much of each other. He smiled slightly at the intentional absurdity of my objection and did not renew the proposition. My real ground for not accepting his offer was that the gloominess and silence of the house and the deepening melan-

choly of my friend were too depressing to me. This did not, however, lessen the number or length of my visits to his house, where I sometimes spent hours together looking over his fine collection of rare books and art treasures, which were kept in the parlor, a handsome, high-ceiled room, extending through the entire depth of the house from front to back. This room had been arranged and decorated by his wife, and he, himself, although much of his time was spent in it, was careful not to change or disturb in any way her tasteful handiwork. This was the only evidence, as far as I could ever discover, that he had not altogether forgotten the existence of his family; for never did he in any way make the most distant allusion to them.

Whenever I entered this parlor, no matter in how cheerful a mood I might be—and I am a man sufficiently gifted with animal spirits to resist ordinary depressing influences—I inwardly felt myself become sober and thoughtful, and the feeling continued to increase as long as I remained. I do not believe I could have laughed or shouted for a handsome reward while in it; I never felt inclined to try, however, and might, by a violent effort, have done so, but certainly without any genuine enjoyment of my forced hilarity. This effect of the room upon me was so marked that I spoke casually of it to Bevington several times, but he always evaded or ignored the subject with something like impatience.

Three or four times when alone in this room the vague feeling that some one had entered silently took possession of me strongly, but in satisfying myself that it was not so, the feeling passed off and I thought no more of it.

One warm afternoon in June I had been occupying time, more than my mind, for an hour or so, in listlessly turning over a portfolio of fine etchings that had belonged to Bevington's wife, while waiting for him. The warmth of the afternoon and the silence, made more perceptible and soporific by the subdued buzz of insects in the sunny garden, on which the large, open windows of my neighbor's parlor opened, soon overcame my languid interest in the etchings, and, sinking back into the soft arm-chair in which I was sitting, I resigned myself to drowsy musings. After a few moments' indulgence in my reverie, I became—at first dimly, soon distinctly—conscious of the presence of some one in the room and quietly moving about behind my chair. In a few moments Bevington came into my range of vision and, with a deep sigh, sank into a divan opposite me. Something strange in his appearance attracted my attention—not the pallor and thinness of his face, for of late he had been more than ever unhappy and restless, and had spoken several times of his inability to sleep soundly—but an indescribable change had come over his expression. His man-

ner, too, was unusual. Instead of his habitual quiet greeting to me when we met, he appeared to be entirely unconscious of my presence, although he looked fixedly toward me, not at me, several times. I, myself, seemed to be unable or alto-

How long this situation lasts I cannot tell; I am indistinctly aware of lapses of consciousness on my part, during which Bevington, still silent, moves restlessly but noiselessly about on the divan, still apparently unconscious of my presence, which



MY NEIGHBOR'S PARLOR.

gether disinclined to speak to him, although my habit when with him was to keep up an animated flow of conversation, latterly more of a monologue, and to insist on his attention to what I said.

from some feeling that I cannot or do not try to analyze myself, I do not make known to him. Still, I am quite sufficiently myself to feel uncomfortable at the unusual situation of affairs



and to notice that the twilight is coming on. As the light fades, an uneasy, creepy feeling takes possession of me, and as I am feebly getting up resolution to speak and break the spell that seems to be over both of us, the door opens behind me, and I hear a smothered exclamation, in which I clearly recognize Bevington's voice, but, to my wonder, behind me. In an instant more Bevington strides between me and the divan and halts in front of the figure, that has now risen and stands facing him, and who, to my utter bewilderment, is also Bevington himself. The Bevington who has last entered, after standing mutely face to face for a moment with the other, turns, frowning deeply, with an expression of anger and at the same time distress on his face—turns suddenly, and on walking toward the door sees me, who have also risen to my feet for the first time.

For a moment we do not speak, until Bevington, grasping my arm, after glancing in an irresolute and undecided way from me to the other Bevington, whose figure looms up, silent and motionless in the growing darkness, asks me, with his usual quiet tone, but evidently exercising strong self-control, if I had seen anything unusual in the room. At length I find my voice and stammer out:

"Which of them is you? What does this mean?"

"Mean?" says Bevington, still endeavoring to control himself; "it means that I am a miserable wretch, whose life is made one long torture by that devil in my own shape"—pointing to the now almost invisible and still motionless figure in the deep shadow. "Until now, excepting on one other occasion, it has always appeared to me alone, but since you have seen it I must unburden my soul of its horrible history or go mad. My wife and children were killed by no accident; they were murdered; but I could not tell the truth that was so like a lie. No, their awful death was the work of that murderous fiend;" again he pointed to the corner, where now the dim outline of the immovable figure was only faintly visible.

The increasing wildness of Bevington's manner alarmed me, and having somewhat recovered from my bewilderment, I endeavored, with some success, to calm him and induce him to sit down and continue the disclosure he had begun. In substance it was about as follows:

The house in which we were had been left him by a distant relative shortly after his marriage, and since then he had occupied it with his family. For several years he had noticed the subduing influence of the room upon him, as I had done, but attributed it to its rather sombre appearance and size and his own imagination. One afternoon, about four years before the time of this story, on entering the room in which his wife was seated

reading quietly, he saw, or thought he saw, a man seated opposite her, who on close inspection bore a most startling resemblance to himself. Uttering an exclamation of surprise, he advanced toward the figure, which suddenly vanished. His wife, who had risen on his entrance, observing his startled expression, asked him the reason of his unusual manner and if he had spoken to her. As it was evident to him that she had not seen the stranger, he made some explanation and did not allude to the matter again, though he was somewhat annoyed at what appeared to him then a trick of his imagination, and even consulted a physician as to his physical condition, without entering into the details of the occurrence. The physician had assured him that there was no evidence of ill-health, mental or physical, in his case, and he had ceased to think of the matter, when about two months after the first appearance of his double he saw him again under almost exactly the same circumstances. This time the shock was greater than on the first occasion, but still believing that the apparition was a subjective phenomenon, he concluded that he needed change of scene, and made preparations for a tour in Europe with his family. Business affairs, however, detained him longer than he expected, and he had almost concluded to defer the tour until the following year, when his persecutor, for so he was beginning to regard his double, appeared again in the same room, where he was alone at the time, and seating himself in a chair near by, remained long enough for him to examine the apparition closely and assure himself that he was awake and in full possession of his senses, when, seized with a sudden terror, he rushed from the room, leaving his double in possession.

More than ever alarmed at his condition, for on maturer consideration he continued to think that the cause of this strange affair was in himself, he hastened his preparations for a long stay in Europe, and sailed before any more visitations or hallucinations, as he almost forced himself to think them, occurred.

For nearly two years he traveled through Europe with his family, and, freed from his persecutor or his visions, he could not determine fully which, he rapidly recovered his customary health and spirits.

While crossing the Simplon Pass one quiet summer afternoon, with his wife and children, at a part of the road that ran along the edge of a cliff several hundred feet high, the guide, who was leading the horses, called his attention to several rocks and boulders that had recently fallen from the mountain side and were lying in the road about a hundred feet ahead of the carriage, telling him that it would not be safe to pass until the way was cleared. He went forward at once to assist the guide, and while engaged rolling the stones

away they were startled by a sudden scream of terror, and turning toward the carriage he saw a man, whom he recognized as his old tormentor and double, furiously lashing the struggling horses and dragging their heads toward the precipice. Before he and the guide could reach the spot, wife, children, horses, and carriage, with the man or devil who had caused the catastrophe, all had disappeared over the almost perpendicular precipice.

The guide, after staring for some moments in stupid, open-mouthed amazement at the spot where the carriage had last been seen, suddenly seized him by the throat, and, charging him with the murder, declared his intention of handing him over to justice in the nearest town. Even then, through all his horror, the danger of his own situation and the impossibility of proving his innocence struck him with full force, and, with the energy of a man desperate and fighting for his life, he pushed the guide backward to the edge of the precipice, and, after a short, fierce struggle, over it.

How he reached the little village of M—— he did not remember, but after several days of what seemed to him now a condition of dull lethargy and indifference to everything, even his own griefs, the full realization of his unfortunate and dangerous situation dawned upon him gradually, and feeling the necessity of making some explanation to clear himself of suspicion before the bodies should be found, he gave the doctor—who had been in close attendance on him, although he, himself, did not realize at all that he was ill and had feebly wondered at his—the doctor's—assiduity, the following account of the disaster, which he afterward corroborated before a magistrate and which subsequently appeared in the papers on both sides of the Atlantic:

While walking along the road, somewhat in advance of the carriage, he told the doctor, some Alpine roses above him on the mountain side had attracted his attention, and, climbing up the acclivity to gather them for his wife, he detached several loose rocks and bowlders, which, falling on the road in front of the horses, terrified them so much that they became uncontrollable, and in trying to turn them back in the narrow way, dragged the carriage, with its occupants and the guide, who was vainly struggling to drag them back from the precipice, over the edge. He described the spot. The bodies were found and buried in the little town near which the supposed accident had happened.

As no suspicion attached to him, he was free to go—after the funeral—and, almost insane from sorrow at the loss of his wife and daughters, to whom he was deeply attached, came home at once to New York and shut himself up, to live an almost solitary life, feeling altogether unfitted for business or society.

The mental effect of the terrible shock gradually lessened, and "Time, the healer," was doing his beneficent work of obliteration, when one day, after an uneasy night, during which vague presentiments and forebodings, mingled with melancholy recollections, had prevented his sleeping, his double appeared again in the room in which we were, and all his grief and rage were reawakened by the visitation. After this its appearance became more and more frequent, until lately he had hardly passed a day without seeing it, always, until to-day, when alone. Instead of becoming accustomed to his uncanny visitor, his horror and hatred of it had constantly increased, and yet he could not bring himself to confide in any one, and even dreaded its becoming visible to others; for mixed with his terror of the thing was a strange feeling of shame that he should be persecuted in this grotesque manner by himself, as it were, that was almost as strong as his dread and loathing of it.

During this narrative, which I have condensed and moderated materially, Bevington had become more and more wild in his manner, giving way at times to uncontrollable grief and at others glaring, with fiercely clenched hands, grinding teeth, and threatening gestures, toward the corner where the still silent and invisible counterfeit of himself had last been seen, for the room was now in almost total darkness. The latter part of his story was well-nigh shrieked, with exaggerated and violent gestures, and at the end of it he suddenly turned sharply around, and with a roar of rage rushed or rather threw himself at his persecutor.

His cries and curses continued, and after in vain trying to control his furious struggles, I summoned the servants, ordered them to bring in lights, and call a physician. When the lights were brought Bevington was still struggling where I had left him, to all appearances futilely trying to grapple with some one and screaming in a fury of baffled rage.

With the assistance of the two men-servants, I with difficulty secured him, and on the arrival of the doctor he was locked into an unoccupied room and a guard placed over him. He continued to rage violently for nearly two weeks, and then suddenly died.

During his confinement I made the most minute and careful examination of the parlor in which these events had occurred without finding the slightest clew to the mystery.

I have never been able to convince myself that I was not dreaming on that memorable afternoon, and that after Bevington's entry had aroused me his strange behavior and narrative might not have been the result of the hallucinations of an already tottering intellect, unsettled by the shock of the awful catastrophe in the Alps, and which curiously coincided and chimed in with my dream. On the other hand, so real did the events seem,

and so earnest were Bevington's grief and anger, that I cannot rid myself, by any means, of the belief that everything connected with the incident was not real and true.

When the lights were brought into the room on the night of Bevington's disclosure, I was collected enough to notice in the angle in which the motionless, silent figure had stood, a tall vase, filled with spreading peacock plumes and various other ornamental objects, so grouped that to an excited imagination, in the dim, imperfect light of the deepening twilight, they might easily have been mistaken for a human figure.

After Bevington's death the house was closed, and has remained silent and unoccupied ever since.

"GARTH."

### COCA.—WHAT IS COCAINE?

THE discovery that cocaine will produce local anesthesia, or insensibility to pain, is next in importance to the discovery of the properties of ether. Cocaine has of late been used in important operations upon the eye; this, and especially its recent employment to allay the pain in the terrible disease under which the illustrious patient, General Grant, has suffered so long, have given it unusual prominence. To meet the popular desire to know something of this agent, we give an account of the plant from which cocaine is derived. The earliest European travelers in Peru mention the use by the natives of a leaf, which they chewed to produce a stimulating effect similar to that of opium. The leaves, known as coca, are from a shrub which bears the same native name and is cultivated in Huanuco and other mountainous provinces in the Peruvian Andes, which have an altitude of two to five thousand feet above the sea. The shrub reaches the height of six or eight feet, and has thick, evergreen leaves. The structure of the flower would not allow the plant to be placed in any of the families already established, and a separate one was made for it. The name of the genus is *Erythroxylon*, which means red-wood, several of the species, natives of tropical countries, having wood of a red color. The specific name of the Peruvian species is that given to it by the natives, hence its scientific name is *Erythroxylon coca*. In its relationship, the shrub is nearest to the flax and the geranium families. The shrub is cultivated in a rude manner by the natives, who raise the young plants from the seeds to form plantations, known as *Cocals*. In from three to five years from planting, the shrubs afford a gathering of leaves, and after that a picking is made annually. The leaves are mature when they break on being bent. They are dried on platforms or on a portion of ground made smooth by stamping. The leaves, when dry, are packed in bales of about

eighty pounds, which are covered by a coarse cloth made by the natives. In this form it is an important article of domestic traffic in Peru, and recently it has been sent to this country and to Europe in considerable quantities. The wholesale value of the leaves is from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents per pound. In Peru, the use of coca is very general, especially among the natives. The leaves, mixed with lime, are chewed and the saliva swallowed, the individual remaining quiet the while. As the enjoyment of the coca occurs four times each day and each time requires at least half an hour, it causes no little interruption to work and to travel. The effects of coca are said to be most pleasantly intoxicating, and those who become addicted to its use rarely abandon it. It is claimed that by the use of coca the Peruvians can perform a great amount of labor in the mines, and as porters, in carrying loads, upon very little food. The active principle, cocaine (not "cocaïne," as sometimes incorrectly written), has been separated. The process is expensive and the product small, hence the price has been very high—the salts of cocaine having been sold at over a dollar a grain. In view of the probable increased demand for coca, it would be proper for our Department of Agriculture to consider the possibility of successfully cultivating the shrub within our own territory.—*American Agriculturist*.

THE IMAGINATION.—The culture of the imagination is worthy of a more prominent place in the training of youth than it has ever yet received. We must regard it, not merely or chiefly in its intellectual capacity or as a promoter of good taste and refinement, but as a moral and ethical educator. We should take care that the ideals they form are noble, the desires they cherish are pure, the examples they look up to are sound and true, the heroes and heroines they admire are worthy of respect. This can be done only through a loving sympathy and a tender care that provides for, not crushes, their eager and ardent enthusiasm. The examples we set them, the companions we find for them, the books we furnish them, the moral atmosphere in which we place them, should all combine to purify and ennoble their imaginings, and, through them, to enrich and exalt their lives. If we neglect those things or leave them to chance influences, no amount of effort to control their actions, to regulate their words, even to form their habits, can compensate. It is what each one aspires to become that will form the great motive-power to decide what he may become.

LADIES sometimes forget that jewelry and profuse ornaments are no evidence of refinement, but rather tokens of vulgarity and want of taste.

## JANET'S FORGERIES.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER I.

**B**LIND!

Nothing else would have mattered much, but he was blind—hopelessly blind.

He was an artist, and had caught cold while out sketching. Inflammation had set in—gone to his

and only a girl, the youngest seven—and no provision, it was a black look-out indeed.

For Charlie Lloyd was not a genius. He had not even audacity, which does almost as well. He painted very nice pictures, true to nature; but who on earth is satisfied with nature? One might as well offer people uncooked meat.

Christmas came and the ready money was gone. There were some pictures in the studio, but not



"I WILL NOT APOLOGIZE FOR MY INTRUSION," HE SAID."—p. 540.

eyes; and it was as if a dead wall had been built right across his path of life.

Ten years later it might have mattered less, for the children would have been "out of hand;" but now, with six of them—the eldest but nineteen

any finished; however, finished or not, they must go. They packed them up and sent them to Mr. Lloyd's picture-dealer, with a note to say they would be willing to take a low price, as the pictures were unfinished, and they were the last they



would ever be able to send—a touch of tragedy Janet thought they would feel. She added she would be happy to send some of her own drawings for their approval; and awaited their orders with the calm confidence of one who has not the faintest idea of the struggle for existence.

Incredible! impossible! It couldn't be true!

"Messrs. Pink & Son are returning the 'Woodland Scene' and the 'Morning Walk,' by Mr. Charles Lloyd, as they are sorry to say the pictures are unsalable in their present condition. They also beg to inform Miss Lloyd that they are unable at present to send her an order, as trade is very bad and they have a large stock on hand."

Janet sat stupefied, with the letter in her hand—"Mother, the pictures are coming back! Pinks' won't have them. What in the world are we to do?"

"Won't have them! Whatever do they mean?"

"I don't know; oh! I don't know—it's dreadful—it's dreadful to think of!" and she started up distracted.

Jack was kneeling on a chair, his elbows well on the table and a newspaper before him. "Don't run away, Jenny; stop a moment. There's something here. Listen. 'To artists.—Wanted, pictures for exportation. Price must be moderate.—Apply, Moses & Co., Borough.'"

"O Jack! let me see—how providential! What a magnificent opening! Oh! I am so thankful! For exportation! Why, they'll want dozens. Let's write at once; or perhaps we had better go, and then we can see them and get to know all about it and buy the canvases and things." The reaction was tremendous. Janet felt abundantly happy.

"But, my dear, it's hardly the thing."

"Oh! with Jack it will be all right, mother; besides, we shall really not have to mind 'the thing' any more."

So Janet and Jack went, and they found "the Borough;" then they turned out of that, and up a court found "Moses & Co."

Talk about the improvement of taste! Whoever will buy all the tea-trays, wax flowers, gorgeous timepieces which these warehouses contain is a puzzle.

They were ushered into a little back office to interview the buyer.

"Pictures?" said he, shortly. "Yes, well, I'll just look at them. I can tell at a glance whether they will do for us." He seemed very rude and abrupt; but if they had only known how tired the poor man was of pictures.

"There," said Janet, picking out two of her father's and putting them up with some pride—they were so infinitely better than those in the room.

They all looked at them a minute—the man

doubtless lost in admiration. At last the girl looked round, smiling, but there was no admiration to be seen; the man merely screwed up his lips and shook his head.

Presently he took up one of her own sketches—the worst, a long way. "This might do; only it would want a deal more work in it."

"Certainly," she said, anxiously. "I could put any amount of work into it. I don't mind work."

"Don't you? Then I dare say we shall come to terms. You must throw a bridge across the river."

"But there wasn't one."

"That doesn't matter; and you must put an old woman in a scarlet cloak in the foreground. Our customers like a bit of life; and the canvas wants covering. There's too much sky; they like it well filled up—plenty for the money. You might put a range of mountains in the background: it would be a great improvement, would a mountain or two. What's your price?"

"I thought three guineas," she said, not liking to ask too much.

The man shook his head. "Forty-eight shillings is our price, and we never give a penny more to anybody."

The sister and brother looked anxiously at each other, but forty-eight shillings was better than nothing; it was rather a queer price, though.

"You find your own canvases?" said the man, sharply.

"Of course."

"You had better sign them—not your own name, of course; besides, a lady's name wouldn't do. Sign them—er—let me see, our last man signed himself Montague White; suppose you call yourself Matthew—no, Mark Black; no, perhaps Black would hardly do just after White. Say—er—er—Barrett—Mark Barrett. Don't forget, and bring 'em in next week: forty-eight shillings and find your own canvases."

"You want more than one, then? It is hardly the thing to do the same subject twice."

The man looked horrified at such unbusiness-like ideas. "It's a dozen I'm ordering, just for a sample—forty-eight shillings a dozen! and if I like them you'll have to do dozens and dozens all alike."

"Oh!"

## CHAPTER II.

MARCH. Haverstock Hill. "Show-day" among the artists. Carriages, critics, and well-dressed people going from studio to studio.

A rising young A. R. A., Mark Barrett, was looking at his own pictures before the arrival of his visitors with that "divine discontent" which, unfortunately, is not very common among inflated young artists.

Some ladies came in—people he knew quite well and had sent cards to, but he couldn't for the life of him remember their names. He tried to make up for it in "gush." "So glad to see you. How kind of you to come."

"Not at all; delighted! Dear, dear, how very nice!" and the elder lady put up her glasses. "What a very fine picture! Worthy of Millais, I declare!"

Mark Barrett went red, not with gratification—it was a portrait of a provincial mayor, and he had not put his best work into it, as he ought to have done.

More people came in; among others, some friends of the mayor. "How do you do, Mr. Barrett? very happy to meet you again, sir. Saw you last in our council chamber. You remember me, Mr. Alderman Whitley, sir. Now let's have a look at our worthy mayor. Very good, very good, just like him, isn't it, my dear?" turning to his wife. "Eh?"

"Well, it's like him in the face," said the little woman, doubtfully, "but I think myself that the waistcoat buttons are a trifle too small."

"So they are, so they are. Trust a woman for telling you your faults, Mr. Barrett, eh?"

A city man came up to him. "I could have picked up one of your pictures for an old song the other day, Mr. Barrett," in a loud, cheerful voice, as if it was a good joke that all the room would like to hear—and perhaps they did.

"Indeed! what was that?"

"River scene; bridge, mountains, old woman in scarlet cloak. I should have bought it, being yours, only the frame was such a gimcrack affair."

"You are mistaken. I never did such a thing in my life."

"It had your name on, I'm perfectly certain."

"What were they asking for it?"

"Five-and-twenty shillings."

"You must be mistaken," in deep disgust.

"Very well; if you don't believe me, you can look for yourself. I have the address in my pocket."

Mark was so much annoyed that the very next day he made a pilgrimage to the city. He determined to get to the bottom of the mystery. Most likely it was a name that was something like his; but it might be a forgery, in which case he would have the fellow punished. He found the picture-dealer's—at least, it wasn't a picture-dealer's, it was a draper's—and there, sure enough, among oleographs and rubbish of all sorts, were three pictures, fearful things, signed "Mark Barrett."

However, the shopman directed him to Moses & Co., Borough.

He hurried on there; it was dinner-time, between twelve and one; only a boy in charge.

That was fortunate; he got the address without

any trouble—Miss Janet Lloyd, Ivy Cottage, Hoxton, Surrey.

"A woman, after all. What pests those women are!"

### CHAPTER III.

NOW, Jack, I'll put in the bridges while you follow with the old woman. We must hurry along. If we don't get these off to-night we shall be in a fix for money to-morrow."

"Well, never mind, Jinney; don't let's worry more than we can help. Do you think this old woman will do?"

"Ye-es; put plenty of color on and smooth it down well. Whatever would the public do without 'Mark Barrett's' works of art? I do hate calling myself 'Mark Barrett,' signing the name in a corner, as the door opened."

She didn't turn round—she was too busy—until their little servant said: "Mr. Mark Barrett, please, miss."

Poor, white, over-strung Jane dropped her palette, "butter side" down, on the only decent carpet in the house, as she turned, horror-struck, to face a gentleman—a Mark Barrett in the flesh. Curly-headed and blue eyed certainly, but ferocious. She simply could not speak for a moment.

Even Jack was speechless; he turned very red and tried to stand in front of the pictures with the name on, but as there was a whole row of them all alike, the feat was beyond his powers.

Mark had come straight down from London in a furious rage. Every "pot-boiler" he had seen of poor Janet's only made him more angry.

He marched into the house as soon as the door was opened; it was quite possible such a person as that might lock him out; however, the little servant was evidently not up to it, and most fortunately, showed him into the very room where the forgeries were going on.

There was the fictitious "Mark Barrett" himself caught, red-handed, literally red-handed; she had been signing the name in vermilion, and the palette in falling had smeared her hands. Mark was rather taken aback as he looked at the pale, trembling culprit, with her great, horror-struck, dark eyes. He looked at the row of wretched daubs, twelve of them all alike, and at Jack's red face, short trousers, and shrunken jacket, and his agonized attempts to hide the twelve staring "Mark Barretts."

But it wouldn't do to give way to sentiment and have his judgment warped by a pretty face, like a British juryman in a breach of promise case. The very thought made him stern.

"I will not apologize for my intrusion," he said; "for I have no doubt you have some idea of the cause of my visit."

Janet, who would have broken down at a kind word, resented this unjust harshness.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to explain. I am not aware that I have done anything so very wrong."

Jack felt very angry. He was longing to defend his sister, but couldn't think of a telling speech.

"Oh! to be a man—a cool, self-possessed man."

"Not done anything wrong, do you say, madam?"

Are you, then, so ignorant of right and wrong as not to know that you have committed the grossest forgery? Don't you know that it is actionable?"

The sister and brother looked at each other, not very clear as to what "actionable" meant. An idea flashed upon Jack.

"You don't mean to say you are going to send my sister to prison? because it wasn't her that did it—it was *me*," he said, eagerly.

"No, no, Jack, that won't do. It was I, sir," turning proudly and contemptuously to Mark, "if you refer to my having signed what I suppose is your name. It is fortunate that I did not happen to sign 'John Brown,' or I might have had a hundred gentlemen threatening me instead of one."

"If you had signed your pictures"—sarcastic emphasis and wave of the hand toward the twelve—"John Brown" it would have mattered very little, as that is not a well-known name."

"Indeed!"

"In the art world, I was about to add," furiously; "but it so happens that my name is rather well known, as no doubt you are aware."

"Indeed! I never had the pleasure of hearing it before."

"Indeed?" he really was surprised, and not much flattered.

"No, really, isn't it surprising?" said Jack, rudely—his clumsy way of defending his sister.

Mark colored up, but he was obliged to accept the extinguisher. He couldn't explain what a great man he was from an artist's point of view.

"Well," said he, willing to be magnanimous, "since the offense has been committed in ignorance, I will not prosecute this time, on condition that you immediately obliterate all these"—pointing to the twelve names—"and call in all the—er—pictures you can possibly get hold of and re-sign them."

Jack whistled. "Think of Moses!" he suggested.

"I don't suppose the people who buy them will like that," said Janet. "They've got a trade for 'Mark Barretts,' they say. I don't know what to do. Whatever shall we do, Jack?"

There was a despairing ring about the voice that struck Mark. She turned to him again. "If you would just let us send off this dozen it would give us time."

"Not another picture! You have done me incalculable injury already."

"I'm very sorry. Will you wait just a minute? I should like to consult my father. He was a

painter himself, but last winter he became blind. That's the reason we have had to do all this," she said, simply.

"Is it so?" sharply. This little key gave a clue to the whole situation, but he could hardly believe it yet, it was so different from his idea. He rose and opened the door for her, and was left alone with Jack.

Then there was an awkward pause. Jack, with his hands in his pockets, looked out of the window. He had no intention of being civil to this "brute." Mark looked at the pictures.

"Does your sister do many of these things?"

"A dozen or two a week."

"You don't say so! Why, she must work night and day!"

"She does, pretty nearly."

"You shouldn't let her work so hard. She'll kill herself."

"Can't be helped. We've nothing else to live on," and he whistled to keep down tears unbecoming in a man.

More and more shocked and distressed, Mark ventured to hope they got a good price.

"Four shillings each, and find our own stuff."

A howl in the passage. "It's only the children," explained Jack.

"Are there some children?"

"Six of us, and father and mother. I say, I think you might have left 'Mark Barrett' alone. Perhaps you would if you knew everything."

"I am very sorry—very sorry, indeed! I didn't know all this, you see. Of course, I cannot possibly let your sister go on using my name; but if you will tell me all, perhaps I can help you a little."

But Janet came back into the room very grave and sad. Mark's heart smote him painfully. He vowed he wouldn't lose sight of this poor family. Janet apologized humbly for the mistake she had made, said how sorry her father was to hear of it, and he would like to see Mr. Barrett for a few minutes.

A few weeks later, when the Academy was getting stale, the town hot and wearisome, Mark Barrett felt it was really his duty to get a little country sketching before the spring tints quite faded away.

A day or two later, and he found himself looking out of a farm-house window not far from Ivy Cottage, and wondering if he might venture to call. The country is rather dull without any one to speak to—"a healthy grave," Sydney Smith called it. So not many days—in fact, only a few hours—elapsed before he was chatting comfortably with Mr. Lloyd, talking art, nay "shop," soul-refreshing to the ex-artist, although so tedious to the "Philistine."

Mr. Lloyd was so delighted to meet with a brother of the brush again that he became quite

confidential, told him about his own unfinished work, and what a pity it was. "You know, Janet can paint in a fashion, but she can't do good enough work for that; besides, I am afraid these wretched things she seems to be doing now won't have improved her style. You've seen them, of course? Tell me, as an artist, are they really so very bad?"

"Those I saw were certainly rather—rather—crude, but perhaps she has something better in hand now. I should like to see what she is doing, if you think I might venture. Perhaps I could give her a few hints, you know."

"Thank you very much. I am sure we are greatly indebted to you for your forbearance altogether; but come into the next room and tell me what you think of their work."

Mark was surprised to find his heart beat strangely at this mild remark.

"It must be a touch of indigestion," he impatiently assured himself; but he couldn't help feeling it was a moment that would stand out in his life when he held Janet's nervous hand in his for a second, and she glanced up at him with proud shame.

For ranged along the wall were twelve more pictures, exactly like the others—twelve ranges of mountains, twelve bridges, now in course of construction, and twelve old women awaiting their scarlet cloaks.

"Still busy, I see, Miss Lloyd."

"She's always busy," said her father, with a sigh. "I do wish she could get out a little more—not only for the sake of the fresh air, but I am sure if she does not get more sketching from nature her work will deteriorate."

"Mr. Barrett will tell you that that is impossible, father," said Janet, half in fun, half in sarcasm.

Mark colored a little. He could not deny that it was impossible for anything in the painting line to be much worse; but he caught a faint little sigh from Janet, and Jack looked out of window with longing eyes.

"It's a jolly afternoon," he said. "I say, Jenny, don't you think we might drop it for once? There'll be such a breeze on Ripley Head."

Janet gave him a look.

"We'll see when we have done our work, Jack."

Sighing not a little, but prodigiously, Jack took up his brush again.

"That means 'never'!" he said. "These beasts will take hours."

Mark hesitated a moment before he descended to the bottom of the professional ladder.

"If you will allow me to help you," he said presently, "I think we might finish in time for a walk before dusk. I am very anxious to see Ripley Head myself, and your father was kind enough

to say you would show me the way," looking at Jack, "if Miss Lloyd would allow me the pleasure of accompanying you?" looking at Janet.

"We shall be most happy," she said; "but I can't think of troubling you with these. I dare say Jack and I can finish in two or three hours."

"But I enjoy painting, and I have nothing in the world to do this afternoon. Here, Jack, lend me a palette. I'll go on with the trees."

A month or two ago Mark wouldn't have believed it if he could have seen himself now, diligently working in trees by the dozen, trying to ingratiate himself with an overgrown boy, and manœuvring for a look from a "brazen forgerer."

The little maid brought them in some tea, and they worked away cheerily—Mr. Lloyd looking in now and then, enjoying the fresh life in the house.

When the sun was beginning visibly to sink and the last old woman was fitted with her red cloak, the young people got ready for their walk.

Janet, from some indefinable instinct, put on her most becoming, though by no means her newest, hat, and plucked some scarlet geraniums for her neck, which burned bright against her black dress and pale face.

But not so pale. As they stood on Ripley Head, watching the sun quickly sinking on the horizon, long out of sight from the valleys, the reflection of the red and golden clouds wrapped the girl in a halo of glory.

"What a wonderfully beautiful creature!" thought the artist, entranced with the "effect." She was by no means beautiful, but he thought her so, which was enough. It was sunrise for Janet, not sunset.

Jack had many a time helped his sister down the steep side of Ripley Head. He was going to do so now, of course (even the biggest of brothers are not very "sharp" where their sisters are concerned); but Mr. Barrett happened to be nearer, and offered his hand, and, though Jack was a dear boy, there was, strange to say, something firmer and warmer and closer in this grasp.

The mother, dulled perhaps by her troubles, was vexed with her daughter about this time. She was so unreasonable. She actually cried—not openly, but quietly and unseen, as she hoped—because she could not have a new gown, and Janet was foolish enough to spend a shilling on ribbons, which might have been much more profitably spent on stockings.

But Janet's instinct was right. Though nothing on earth will sunder souls that are fast and firmly knit, the merest trifle will turn aside the first inclination. Besides, to attract is a natural, healthy instinct, and to be attracted—why, no one would if they didn't like it.

One day it dawned even upon Jack's brotherly understanding that Janet was different somehow,



and it wasn't only the geranium in her dress and ribbon at her waist.

They were painting, as usual, and, as was now not unusual, Mr. Barrett was helping them, when the bungling, well-meaning brother struck in—

"You've been an awfully good friend to us, Mr. Barrett, especially to Janet and me—getting us orders and all that; but there's one thing you've done that I don't believe anybody's noticed but me, and that is, you've made a great alteration in Jenny."

"Nonsense, Jack, nothing of the kind!" she burst in, horrified as to what he would say next, her face almost as red as the geraniums.

Mark, standing by her, looked down on her, bit his lip, and began to wish Jack would go out of the room.

"I know what I'm talking about," said Jack, with the calm confidence of ignorance and blundering like a big bluebottle fly; "she's as happy and cheerful as anything now, and I know it's you, because she's so disappointed when you don't come."

"Jack, be quiet—it's all nonsense. Don't be silly!"

"She was very down at first about the name, you know, and Moses was very mad with her because she wouldn't sign 'Mark Barrett' any more."

"Of course not! I shouldn't think of such a thing," she burst in passionately, "after all you said," turning to Mark. "You may be sure I shall never make use of your name again."

"Won't you?" he returned. "Do you know, I was rather beginning to hope you would."

In great surprise Janet looked at him, but something in his eyes made her drop hers.

"With a little addition," he said, in a low tone.

"O my!" struck up Jack, enlightened at last. "I never thought of that. Here, I'll go and get some dinner—tea, I mean. You can come when you're ready."

A. A. E.

**SINCERITY.**—In life sincerity is the sure touchstone of character. The good and valuable man is he who strives to realize day by day his own sincere conceptions of true manhood. Thousands are struggling to exhibit what some else admires, to reach the popular standard, to be or appear to be respectable and honorable; but few make it their aim to live thoroughly up to their own individual convictions of what is right and good. Carlyle well says: "At all turns a man who will do faithfully needs to believe firmly." If he have to ask at every turn the world's suffrage, if he cannot dispense with the world's suffrage and make his own suffrage serve, he is a poor eye-servant, and the work committed to him will be misdone."

## AFFECTIONATE JOHN BAILY.

"My thoughts drift over the years."

WE laughed a sorry sort of a laugh when we read about Susan B. Anthony teaching school for two dollars a week.

We were forcibly reminded of our own school-ma'am days. Well, it was a good discipline, and helped to make tough, cheery, heartsome women of us, though it was somewhat like the reason our dear mother used to give for whipping us: "I do it because I love you."

In our girlhood, spinning and weaving was our employment from May till November. What if the branches on the beautiful woody hillside within smelling distance of the three windows of the third story of the old country farm-house, where we wrought from dawn to late twilight, did toss and wave and beckon and invite us?

What if the brook at its base did gurgle and giggle and tinkle and ripple and slide away softly into the meadows among the waving grasses, winking at us in the sunshiny places?

What if the Junes, laden with flowers, like queenly maidens, smiled lovingly into our tanned and freckled face? or if the maple groves glowed in the glory of the hazy, golden, perfect days of October?

They wooed in vain. Like the maiden in the fable, we had to spin, spin, spin.

But one day we must have broken something in the shackles. Perhaps we began to blossom out into a thrifty, shifty American woman. We were so tired of the monotony of going back and forth, so weary of the *we-e-e H!* of the buzzing wheel; of the wicked click of the reel, that always scared us, like the finale of Red Riding-hood scares reckless, story-loving children; weary of knots and cuts and hanks and skeins and the sheepy odor of the fluffy, tender rolls—that we really did do something.

We studied it out ourselves. We were not permitted to read after bed-time. It would make us "lazy," "dulous," "trifling," and it would unfit us for the labors of the morrow.

Our allowance of tallow candle more than took us to bed on that particular night; quite a little snip was left, so we hung a comforter over the window to darken it and crawled under the bed with the light and our books, *Evalina* and old *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, to have a good social time as long as the candle lasted. By waving the light gently we could keep the blaze from burning the tick above it; so one hand waved while the other held open the book.

Our good father was watchful, and, perhaps, thirsty, and in an hour or two he came out to the well for a drink. He called our name. We were breathless. He called again. We answered as if just roused from sleep. He said he thought he

saw a dim light, and wanted to know if we were awake or if he were mistaken.

Then the candle was put out, remorsefully, and we pretended that we were so sleepy that we could hardly frame a reply.

Oh! if he had known the hunger that we had for books and for reading! In those days matches were unknown, and if a light was put out it was no trifle to light it again.

And while we lay there, with the books pressed to our bosom, the tears softly coming to our relief, we planned:

Why could we not teach school? We were called the best scholars in the district; we loved children; we hated arithmetic; we could teach and help pay a girl for spinning in our place. There was no teacher in the Baily district since John Wiggins had gone to England so suddenly, and we would try for his place.

Our father was not willing, but our dear little step-mother was, and she soon coaxed papa to give his consent.

The next day we saddled "old Hanner," and then put on our best pink calico dress and new, corded, white sunbonnet, and rode off, like Jack going to seek his fortune. Papa's name was sufficient guarantee with two of the directors, but the other one was the ruler in the district. He was working on the road, Mr. John Baily, and to him we went. His eyes were like the blue of tempered steel, but his face was kindly.

In answer to his questions we replied that we could teach all the common branches, though we did hope no one would want to study arithmetic; that we would teach for two dollars a week and boarded. At this his proportions grew colossal. Why only one woman in the township had ever received two dollars a week, and she taught every Saturday and boarded herself! They always paid a man from sixteen to twenty dollars a month—that was a man's wages, and 'cause he was a man. They always paid a woman—"female," he said—from seventy-five cents up to one dollar and nine pence—never more than that, and then they "boarded themselves."

Just look at hired girls, he said; they worked for seventy-five cents a week and hadn't no chance to save their clothes, like a teacher had. A body ought to take that into consideration. He didn't "go in for the stuck-up sort o' girls who felt above housework and spinning. One was no better nor another, if her hands was whiter."

After a good deal of talking, in which we remembered all the time that we were a lady, the man really did make us what he called a prime offer, and we accepted.

We were to teach three months for four dollars and a half per month; either board ourselves or work for our board; teach every Saturday; give

gifts the last day of school, and be sure and not be "partial" to any one.

We obtained a good certificate for more than we could teach without one question asked us. The examiner was a bashful, gallant man, who had read some of our verses in a late paper, "Ode to a Butterfly" and the "Drooping Elm."

We had not taught very many days until one of the little dears, when toying with our curls at noon, lisped out: "I like you, but mamma don't. She says you are too kind o' stuck-up."

So, then, we were bound to be folksy and meet these people on their own level, and the next day, and henceforth, we went in our bare feet like they did, and wore our bonnet on our shoulders hanging by the strings. We worked for our board—milked cows night and morning, like our Yankee father did at home; churned; ironed; scrubbed; cooked; filled quills for the loom; spooled whole webs for the women who wove; baked "board cakes" before the fireplace for the dear old pioneer farmers, and one week, of evenings we went out after supper and gathered sheaves in the hillside fields. And we would go to mill with the boys and girls and water the horses and do any kind of work they did, only we could not pick geese.

We got up clubs for newspapers in the district, and told the young folks what were good books to read; and we did really make ourself one of them.

It was a very pleasant summer, and the three months did not seem long. We planned what we would buy with our money. An alpaca dress, like the minister's wife wore, for Sunday; a woolen shawl, to take the place of the little square of red flannel and the grizzly-gray, home-made, plaid one that looked like a horse-blanket; some nice story-books; a neck-ribbon to tie with long ends; a pair of gaiters for summer, and a soft, genteel pair of calf-skin shoes in place of the hard, stiff, stubbed cow-hides that we couldn't wear out. And then we would remember dear little May, our step-mother, with a gay, red-and-green delaine dress-pattern, and papa with a work on astronomy and a thermometer.

But when school closed and we gave our gifts of pictures and kissed them all and gave good advice and cried over the painful parting and hugged and hugged the beautiful five-years'-old babies, our heart was very heavy.

That night we made out our report ready to handle the money on the morrow. Early in the morning one of the directors came and told us they had not money enough in the treasury and they dare not draw on the forthcoming, because it was for the winter term, and a man was engaged at twenty dollars a month for a five-months' term. They had seven dollars and fifty cents only, and the rest must be paid by subscription.

Some of the parents were poor—those who had the most children—and they would have the most to pay. They were honest. We had not the heart to complain. We pitied them. So one man's wife let us have feathers enough for two pillows; another woman, a widow, spun a lot of tow for us on the big wheel, Yankee fashion, carded into bats or big flat rolls. We used it for filling in a web of towels. Another poor couple sent their little ragged boys to our stopping place with their pay, asking us to accept of it—a goose and a gander. The lad who carried the goose fairly fluttered along with his shirt-flaps waving in the wind from behind as, red-faced and sweaty, he laid his share of the remuneration in our lap.

We rode home behind Mr. Baily, the Director who had made the sharp bargain with us. As we jogged along he said we could show lots more money now than many a poor girl who had worked six months and wore out her clothes. We said it wasn't fair that a man's wages should be so much better than a woman's when she taught just as good a school or better than he did. He said: "Well, that's law; it's custom; woman's the weaker vessel; she can't stand as much as a strong man can; the Bible puts women in under subjection; the Lord meant it to be so, he reckoned."

We were not disheartened, but we were so disappointed with the little wad of money. We could not help pay a girl for spinning, and our father pitied us and said he would not have permitted us to do so in any case.

We dried apples that fall, and put with our money, and had enough to buy two five-dollar shawls and pay a year's subscription on a good weekly paper.

Well, it is a long story and a true one, "honest John," as the little street gamins say. And this is the finale:

Twenty-five years afterward we one day received a bulky letter from "the Illinois country," from John Baily, the School Director, containing an offer of his hand and heart. He had lost his "pardner;" she had been "diseased two year." And then followed an inventory of his possessions, everything nice, from a three-hundred-acre farm, a house with two porticoes, Alderney cows, blooded stock, farming implements, sewing-machine, pious children, clear on down the scale to hens that laid every day. Would we ask our father if he would "accept" him for a son in his old age? And if he would do so, would we be kind enough to write a formula of that sort of a letter, and send it to him to transcribe?

There were two blooming girls in our family, with our father and ourself, and the girls said:

"Let us have a little fun to pay him for treating you so that time. It will be good enough for him. It is no more than fair."

And the answer that went back to the "Illinois country" asked for a little time to consider the important question.

Every week came a fat letter from "Yours affectionately, John Baily"—letters that made the family shout with laughter. We four had fun enough to last one a lifetime. The spelling and phraseology and highfalutin' style were ridiculously funny. He wanted our picture. We looked over all the old photographs about the house and selected one, a pop-eyed, middle-aged woman, with her jaws "set." She had a wen on her shoulder that threw her head sidewise and swelled her neck up under her lopping ears. Her hands were folded in front of a straight, square trunk, and she looked as if her picture was to be put on the first page of a standard History of the United States.

With this picture we wrote that time had left its mark on us; that cares and sorrows and toil had marred the face and form, but the spirit was joyous and young as a girl's. Would he send his picture that we might see the change wrought in him?

Forthwith came a glaring tin-type, of an old man perking up sprucely, trying to appear nobby in a high silk hat that was chucked down until his ears bent over. A little frill of sparse hair was below the hat, like a border. He was as bald as a gourd, but the fringe made pretense that he was not. His "store teeth" gleamed out, while he smiled with an attempt at benignity. No one would have recognized the School Director, with his blue, steely eyes, in the grinning manikin tin-type.

For fear some one would know whose picture it was, we wrote, "Captain Fitzgerald, of the Marine Corps," and pasted on it.

After we had enough retaliation to satisfy us, and when our qualms of conscience disturbed us, we settled the affair for all time with a closing letter. We thanked him for the honor, and reminded him of the poor, starving, dwarfed girl, who had gone to him in her pitiable extremity. We reminded him of the close contract, and wondered whether such a man could appreciate a true woman. We told him that the paltry sum he allowed us to have then would not pay our postage now; that through our own exertions and the blessing of God we lived royally, enjoyed the best this world afforded, and no man's money grudgingly doled out ever touched our palms. We thanked him for his kind intentions and the favor and the honor, and was glad he had so generously remembered the poor little girl in the white bonnet, riding "old Hanner" in search of a school.

He fairly wailed in his reply. How could we be so cruel! How could we cast back the shortcomings of his younger years! If he had only known! Why, he had loved us from that very

day! Money was nothing to him now! We could have rolls of it! We could have all the cows we could milk! Butter paid better than stories! He would take all work and worry and drudgery out of our dear life!

And we had our revenge, bountiful revenge, but who knows!—

"The gates of circumstance are turned upon the smallest hinge.

The trifles of our daily lives,

The common things, scarce worth recall,

Whereof no visible trace survives—

These are the mainsprings, after all."

ROSELLA RICE.

### THE SHEPHERD FEEDS HIS SHEEP.

THE Shepherd seeks His sheep,  
I hear Him calling,  
Through woodlands cold and deep,  
Through shades appalling,  
"Come home, come home,  
The chill of night is falling,  
Come home, come home,  
O my beloved sheep!"

The Shepherd leads His sheep,  
I hear Him singing,  
O'er pathways dark and steep,  
His tired flock bringing.  
"Come home, come home;  
The bells of night are ringing.  
Come home, come home,  
O my beloved sheep!"

The Shepherd feeds His sheep,  
I see Him turning,  
Where by the gate I creep,  
All comfort spurning.  
"Come home, come home,  
For thee my heart is yearning.  
Come home, come home,  
O my beloved sheep!"

The Shepherd folds His sheep,  
And, from Him turning,  
No longer now I weep,  
His comfort spurning.  
I'm folded safe,  
His gracious kindness learning.  
I'm folded safe  
With His beloved sheep.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

THE only cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing your conscience's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreaded duty before the chill comes on.

### A DIFFICULT TRUST.\*

BY H. S. ATWATER.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE evening bent down its shadowy wings over the earth, brooding in a soft gray mist that crept up over the water, enveloping the land and gradually condensing into a fine rain, that rendered the cheerful blaze in the wide fireplace of the library a positive luxury.

Charles Marsden stood with his back to the fire, watching the flickering shadows of flame and smoke weaving their mystic web across the face of Elinor Ames, who, seated in a low chair before him, musingly gazed into the fantastic coals, that glowed and gleamed like living jewels. From the parlor across the hall floated in the tones of the grand piano, softly touched by Thalia's skillful fingers, and he saw through the open door the upward poise of her small head toward Geoffrey Allston bending over her, and could fancy the bewildering glance of the blue eye—he knew it well.

"My dear young friend," he carelessly thought, glancing at Geoffrey's stalwart frame, "you make a fine moth, but the flame will scorch your wings, as it has done others of your genus."

It was nothing to him, beyond a certain feeling of curiosity, as to the probable result. Thalia Winthrop, indeed, aroused the most cynical part of Charles Marsden's nature, and as he saw her the centre of a crowd of admirers, she seemed possessed of a double, curiously distorted, and presented to his mental vision somewhat in the form of a female naturalist, who, coolly transfixing her insect specimens by a long pin, watches their throes and agonies with an inquisitive interest.

Softly the firelight touched and tinted Elinor's quiet face, and as his eyes fell upon her a sense of rest and peace stole over him. How she fitted into this old place, endeared to him by a thousand pleasant memories. The kind, childlike Professor appeared again to him, sitting in his quaint library chair by the side of the fire, his slender, almost transparent hand wandering lovingly over the silky brown hair of his Elinor, and listening with a kindly interest to the aspirations and plans of the son of his old neighbor.

The narrow escape of the girls that morning came to him with redoubled force. What would have been the difference this night, what woe, instead of pleasure—yes, and what a difference in his own life; for the first time he realized how much this home and its inmates had been to him. With a slight shiver he turned to Elinor.

"The night is raw," he said. "Shall I ring for lights?"

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"Not now, Charles, thank you; let us enjoy the firelight a little longer," replied Elinor, looking up with a smile; "besides, I have something to tell you, and as the joke is rather against myself I would prefer to tell it in this uncertain light."

Charles caught his breath. Could it be that this newcomer—well, suppose it was so, had she not a right to care for whom she pleased? he had no claim upon her, but she might have asked his advice.

"That puppy," he mentally ejaculated, casting a savage look in Geoffrey's direction. He seated himself stiffly on the other side of the hearth.

"No, Charles," said Elinor, indicating an ottoman near her side, "sit here, please; what I have to say is for your ear alone."

Charles's brow cleared a little. She was going to ask his advice, after all, and truly did he resolve that it should be given impartially.

"Do you know, Charles, I am in an absurd position, and it would be positively tragic was it not for the prominence of the ludicrous side," began Elinor, with a little, nervous laugh. "Promise me, Charles, that you will be merciful and not make too much fun of me," she said, glancing beseechingly at him.

His look lightened more and more. Her heart could not be deeply touched or she would not speak thus lightly on such a subject; it was not Elinor's way, therefore it made his advice so much easier to give. She should not make a mistake that might wreck her whole life if he could help it. "That boy," he thought, "he's not old enough to appreciate such a woman as Elinor," and, with a feeling of relief, he seated himself at her side, saying:

"You quite frighten me with your preface, Elinor; what in the world has happened? Surely, Drusilla isn't going to be married?"

"Oh! dear me, no," laughed Elinor, "that would be unmitigated tragedy with no touch of the comic in it; no, it's something concerning myself, and the worst of it all is that I haven't a ghost of a scapegoat. Charles, look yonder," pointing to Geoffrey's tall figure, indistinct in the twilight; "just imagine, if you please, your old friend Elinor shouldering such a full-grown responsibility and standing in the venerable and, under the circumstances, decidedly funny position of guardian to that great boy."

"Elinor!" ejaculated Charles, startled out of his usual self-possession—this was indeed an unexpected turn of affairs—"you must be out of your mind."

"Exactly what Drusilla said to me, Charles, but it is a very actual fact and it is all my own fault, too, that's the worst of all. But, O Charles! imagine me bringing down Rosinante, the one-eyed, tailless Rosinante—don't you remember the dear old thing? Yes," continued Elinor, laugh-

ing until the tears stood in her eyes, "I had it brought down and unearthed all my old picture-books and even the bag of marbles I won from you ages ago—brought them all out for him, and he turned out the great, handsome fellow you see, instead of the little creature I had pictured to myself. O Charles! it's perfectly dreadful, but as funny as it can be," and she leaned back in her chair overcome with laughter.

"What a nice time you seem to be having in there," called the clear tones of Thalia Winthrop.

"Yes, let us into the fun, Aunt Elinor?" added Geoffrey.

"By and by, Geoffrey," answered Elinor; "I have a little business to discuss with Mr. Marsden for the next five minutes, and you and Thalia will excuse us, I know."

Geoffrey wondered what caused Miss Winthrop to shrug her shoulder and become so *distract*. He stood quietly turning over the music, and finally, taking one sheet from among the others, said:

"Miss Winthrop, I am sure you sing. Will you not try this for me?"

She turned, with heightened color, saying:

"I will play for you, Mr. Allston," and struck into the beautiful chords of the pathetically tender longing of Schubert's "Wanderer."

"Hush!" said Elinor, in a low tone, "let us listen. I have not heard him sing before. What a beautiful voice he has."

Geoffrey's baritone rang out with a passionate ring in it that thrilled almost to pain the heart of at least one of his audience. It rose and fell with rare inflection of feeling, the rich, full capability of the singer's soul manifesting itself through his lips. To Elinor it was a revelation, to Charles an irritation.

"Confound him!" he thought, "that's just the way to impress a woman with any music in her make-up."

But he was enthralled, in spite of himself, and, as the voice died away amid the sympathetic chords of the accompaniment, he drew a long breath and turned to Elinor, who, with parted lips and tears in her eyes, leaned breathlessly forward.

"Elinor," he said, touching her hand.

She moved slowly, turning her eyes upon him, as just awakened from a dream. Tennyson's lines involuntarily ran through his mind with a chill presentiment:

"Silence—beautiful voice \* \* \*

For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice

But to move to the meadows and fall before

\* \* \* and adore \* \* \*

Not her, not her, but a voice."

"You were telling me, Elinor?" he spoke, resuming the interrupted conversation. He was

anxious to break this spell and return to everyday affairs.

"Oh! yes," she said, collecting her thoughts with an effort, "where was I, to be sure?" and, in a low voice, she told him of her impetuosity in assuming the responsibility of guardianship and the difficult position this self-imposed duty had forced her into.

"I never heard of such an absurd thing in my life, Elinor," exclaimed Charles, vexed almost to downright anger and realizing the position more fully than she had ever done; "there's one chance, however, these lawyers—Crowninshield & Mathews, I think you said was the name of the firm—may object to the transfer, and it will then be an easy thing for you to rid yourself of such a responsibility."

"You cannot comfort me in that way, Charles," replied Elinor, with mock distress; "that last hope was torn from me on the arrival of the mail yesterday, and I was just on the verge of sending for you had I not seen you to-day. I did receive a letter from Geoffrey's lawyers yesterday, but, instead of refusing my offer, as I had hoped, they appeared to have felt much relieved, judging from the alacrity with which they washed their hands of the matter. The purport of their letter amounts to about this, that, after expressing conventional condolences on my dear father's death," her voice lingered tenderly on the name, "they proceed, with the greatest cheerfulness, to inform me that their agent, having made all proper inquiries as to my qualifications, moral and physical, and, I suppose, found all favorable—at which, I presume, I should feel much flattered—had transferred to their bankers in New York city Mr. Geoffrey Allston's estate, amounting, after all expenses had been deducted, to about fifty thousand pounds, and it now lies in said city, subject to my orders as guardian of the above-mentioned individual." And Elinor leaned back in her chair, a trace of amusement in her eyes, as she watched the effect of this announcement on her companion.

He sat with knitted brow, without an attempt to conceal the annoyance he felt.

"Upon my word, Elinor," he said at length, "you have placed yourself in a nice position. What do you mean to do about it?"

"What do I mean to do about it?" she replied, sitting erect, a quiet look of determination coming into her face and hardening the beautiful gray eyes—"What do I mean to do? Why, meet it bravely, of course. Surely, you don't suppose I intend to creep like a coward out of a responsibility, especially when I had assumed it of my own free will. No, you mistake my meaning. I intend to act as Geoffrey's guardian to the best of my ability, and have written to Judge Truman to be my bondaman. I know he will not refuse me.

I tell you all this because you are my nearest and oldest friend and a good man of business. Now, Charles, don't desert your old friend Elinor in such a strait. I shall want ever so much advice, and to whom shall I go but to you?"

"How you bend a person to your will, Elinor!" and Charles laughed at her pleading face. "You know perfectly well that anything I can do for you I stand ready and willing to undertake, though, considering the admirable manner in which you have succeeded in getting yourself into what I may call 'a fix,' it would seem to render any advice I might give you quite superfluous."

"Now, Charles, that's unkind," she replied, earnestly. "I didn't mean to be headstrong, but I told you how I fell into the thing, and when I saw what a mistake I had made I was actually ashamed to tell you, hoping against hope, until I had heard from the English firm and was forced to speak of it. But the letter I received yesterday almost frightened me when I learned the amount of this fortune and thought of the tremendous responsibility such a sum of money brings in its train. It should be well invested as soon as possible, should it not?"

"I think so," answered Charles, slowly; "but this has all taken me so completely by surprise that I do not like to pass an opinion about anything connected with it just now. Let things remain as they are at present, and I will think it over, seek to know Geoffrey Allston a little, and try to find out something of his tastes, inclinations, and views, and then I shall feel better prepared to advise. But rest assured of one thing, Elinor," he continued, rising—"and that is that in every possible manner the best and truest service of mine is yours to command."

"And it is on that conviction that I rest, and its strength now, as heretofore, gives me confidence," was her reply.

The entrance of Drusilla with the lights broke up the *tête-à-tête* and reunited the party.

"Charles," she said, "it's a pouring right down and you'd better stay all night. You'll get soaked through if you go back to Monmouth, and it's a regular hole that road is, it's so black to-night."

"Yes, do, Charles," urged Elinor. "Why will you not spend a day or two with us if your business will permit? You promised to do so the last time you were here, and besides," she added, in an undertone, as Thalia and Geoffrey sauntered into the library, "it will give you just the very chance you want with Geoffrey."

Charles Marsden thought for a moment, and then decided in the affirmative. He must see more of this young fellow for Elinor's sake. If there was mischief in this it was all brewing for the future, not, as he had vainly hoped, a thing of the past; yes, he would stay; was she not his old friend, and did he not feel as though she had

passed in a measure from her father's care into his? and it was his plain duty to see that she made no mistake. This great, handsome boy, with his soul-stirring voice, might easily exert a masterful influence, especially when coupled, as he plainly was in Elinor's mind, with a feeling of tender compassion.

"Drusilla, Charles will stay," said Elinor, watching his face. "Put him into the hall-chamber; the nursery is not fixed for him."

"No, but it was for me," twinkled Geoffrey's eyes at her, almost upsetting her gravity, so she turned from him, saying:

"You will not mind limited quarters, will you, Charles? You see, I feel as though I could take the liberty of putting you in a small room."

"Not in the least, Elinor," he answered; "it will not be the first time that I shall see the sun rise over the water from those windows."

Geoffrey laughed.

"You must be a model of early rising, Mr. Marsden. I don't think I ever saw that event but once in my life, and that was when we sighted New York, Elinor"—he had dropped the prefix, noticed Charles—"Yes, the feeling of strangeness and curiosity had been sufficient to keep me wakeful most of the night."

"I have the advantage over you there, Mr. Allston," spoke Thalia, demurely, "for I have seen the sun rise more times than I can count."

"Indeed, Miss Winthrop; but, of course, one would naturally expect to find Aurora up with the dawn," said Geoffrey, with a low bow.

"Very prettily put, Geoffrey," smiled Elinor.

"Yes," drawled Charles, "very prettily put, but don't you think that a compliment so very well pointed loses some of its value?"

"Possibly it might to an intensely practical mind," flashed Geoffrey, with a look of his dark eyes in Charles's direction, "or to a person who must always have the solid bread and meat of existence. For my part, although I fully admit the necessity of the bread and meat, I do like the cakes and ale of life occasionally."

Charles bit his lip, inward amusement mingling with a slightly nettled feeling. This boy possessed both quick wit and spirit.

"You're right, Mr. Allston," said Thalia, approvingly; "I think it perfectly horrid to forever look on the literal and prosaic side of life. I was about to reply," with a saucy look at Charles, "if you had asked the question as to how it happened that I had seen so many sunrises, that I had observed them through the panes of a carriage returning from a ball."

"Thanks, Miss Winthrop," and Geoffrey looked at her with admiration. He did like spirit in a girl, and Thalia was charming in her half-mocking defiance.

"Can you not come to my support, Elinor?"

said Charles, laughing; "I feel overpowered. As usual, Thalia has completely crushed and silenced me with her nice adjustment of her proofs, they being, I will admit, most consistent with her personality."

Thalia colored. "There's one thing certain," she quickly said, in a low tone, "that if I am inconsistent at times you become positively ill-natured."

"Forgive me, Thalia. I admit the impeachment and crave your pardon. Nothing could be farther from my thoughts than to wound your feelings."

She raised her eyes to him, with a mute inquiry in them.

"No, Thalia," he answered, "I do not care enough about it; my wound is healed."

Elinor arose; she was accustomed to these little passes between her two friends, generally laughing over them to herself, but this evening they jarred upon her. Her nerves felt the strain of the day, and the tones of the beautiful voice, with its pathetic words, rang in her ears, causing her to long with all her earnest heart for quiet.

"Thalia," she said, addressing her friend, who stood with her back to them gazing through the window into the darkness outside, "shall we leave the gentlemen to themselves? It is late and I am very tired—" her voice failed her and she caught at the back of a chair.

"What is the matter, Elinor?" exclaimed Geoffrey. He was at her side in a moment. But she recovered herself instantly.

"Much obliged, Geoffrey. I suppose I am feeling a little overwrought. We did have a dreadful fright, did we not, Thalia? but a good rest is all I need, therefore I bid you good-night, gentlemen." So saying, the girl vanished up the broad staircase.

A man's individuality, in spite of himself, invariably makes its impress upon those with whom he is thrown in contact, and intrench himself as he may behind ramparts of well-controlled physiognomy, the true manner of the man is disclosed by an invisible process that makes itself felt insensibly. This flesh and blood, after all, is but a semi-transparent garment wrapping around the true ego in voluminous folds, half hiding, half disclosing, the movements of the creature beneath. So the young men, smoking their cigars by the flickering embers of the firelight, quietly took their mutual measurement. They had extinguished the lamps by mutual consent, and the watery rays of the moon through the floating clouds contended with the fire for the illumination of the room.

"What a delicious old house this is," said Geoffrey, breaking the silence; "it is the first place in which I have felt a home-influence for many years, and," with a sigh, "I've drifted into this harbor like flotsam and jetsam, and my next destination

remains a problem yet to be solved. How I envy any one who is their own master."

"I've been my own master so long," replied Charles, flipping off the ashes from his cigar, "that I suppose I don't properly appreciate my privileges. It must be galling, however, to be hampered as you appear to be, from what Miss Ames has told me. You know I am her lawyer, which accounts for her confidence," he added, not wishing to leave an impression on Geoffrey's mind of undue interference on his part.

"Ah! she told you, did she? I am glad of it, as it saves me a not altogether pleasant explanation. I hate to talk business, and don't know the first thing about it, anyway; it's an awful bore to have money to look after. Now there's Tommy Prince, for instance, we call him the 'Prince of Peddlers.' Look what a jolly dog he is; has his whole fortune behind him in a cart that looks like a menagerie show, drives two prancing horses with bells jingling a gay old tune all the time, nothing to do but drive around and exhibit his wares to the 'fair sects,' as he calls them, and you'll not find a greater favorite anywhere than he is with them all, from Drusilla, who buys her tins from him and who always tries them to see if they are water-tight, down to Violet Primrose's red-haired Polly, who spends all her pennies in purchasing sourballs and peppermints in conjunction, thinking, I suppose, that the latter will neutralize the effect of the former. Yes," concluded Geoffrey, puffing white wreaths of smoke into the air, "I shall be a peddler when I come into possession of my money."

"People generally consider it a much greater bore to be without money than to have the care of it," replied Charles Marsden, much amused.

"That's only when they haven't got it to worry over. I suppose a moralist would say that happiness is a mirage that gleams before us, yet ever eludes," mused Geoffrey, abstractedly. "Tell me, Mr. Marsden," he suddenly exclaimed, "did you not very nearly have a serious accident to-day? Miss Winthrop told me, in her joking way, that they were run away with and came within an ace of being drowned. I didn't like to say anything to Miss Elinor, for I thought she looked pale. I do not like to see her any other than her own sweet self," he added, affectionately.

Charles rose, and, standing with his back to the fire, answered, coldly:

"They had a very narrow escape; for some young scoundrel had crossed the reins, and when I saw them they were headed straight to the Sound off Grand Wharf and the horse having it all his own way."

"And you were fortunate enough to be there, Marsden! How I envy you the chance of doing anything for Miss Elinor," replied Geoffrey, pacing the room. "Marsden," he said, in an un-

steady voice, "she is the only friend I've got in this world, and you can understand how it is that I have a right to thank you for her life."

"My dear fellow," said Charles, laying his hand on Geoffrey's broad shoulder and his better nature coming to the surface, "I did nothing more than any one would have done under the circumstances, but I can thoroughly understand your feelings about it. Elinor is one of the kindest and sweetest of women, and the change here would have been awful to contemplate."

It had cost him something to speak thus to this boy, and as the new moon struggling through a rift in the clouds threw her light upon him, Geoffrey was struck by the pale, stern expression on his face.

"Now, Allston," he continued, in his ordinary tones, "if I can be of any service to you do not hesitate to call upon me. I shall be glad to show you around town, introduce you to the young ladies, enter you at the club if you wish, or," with a short laugh, "draw up your will for you at any time."

"Thanks, Marsden," replied Geoffrey, laughing; "I accept with pleasure your offer in regard to the young ladies, but the club and will require more consideration. I don't in the least know what will be done with me next, but, of course, I should much prefer staying around here if it is possible."

The clear, even tones of a clock rang out the hour of midnight, and the moon, emerging from the clouds, sent in its white radiance over the quaint old library, putting to shame the few remaining coals on the hearth. Charles, stooping, raked together the glowing embers and covered them with gray ashes.

Drusilla, he explained, "believes in the household altar fire; she never allows it to be extinguished, and there is no surer way to fall from her favor than to permit it to die out completely."

Geoffrey, striking lights, led the way up-stairs, followed by Charles.

"Sleep soundly," whispered Geoffrey, as the young men parted on the landing of the stairs; "Elinor has something jolly in store for us to-morrow, I believe, if the weather is pleasant."

"I can give you one day, no more," answered Charles, with a cordial good-night.

Half an hour later the door of Elinor's room cautiously opened, and her slight figure in white wrapper and slippers appeared. She listened intently. All was still; no sound broke the quiet but the regular tick of the eight-day clock in the hall below and the surge of the water on the pebbly beach without. Slowly and carefully she descended the stairs and entered the library, closing and locking the door behind her. She sank on her knees before her father's old chair, and laid her head upon it, quietly crying.



"Dear father," she murmured, "I have been very near to you to-day;" then, drawing the chair up to the window, she gazed out on the quiet scene. The minor chorus of the crickets and grasshoppers sung to the music of the waves, the wild, lonely note of a night-hawk circling overhead bore them company, and a sphinx flew in and out among the blossoms of the dripping vines, scattering a tiny spray of water with the movements of their leaves.

Thus the voices of the night appealed to her tired nerves, strengthening and soothing her, and the "silver boat of the crescent moon" seemed freighted with a cargo of peace and comfort. By and by her voice joined in nature's choral in murmuring tones, breathing out the words that had floated on the air once before that evening:

"Wo bist der, wo bist der, mein geliebtes land?"\*

#### CHAPTER VII.

SKINNY BILL, with the peripatetic instincts of his race, dearly loved an occasional excursion into the country, and the bright, pleasant July day stirred his blood with a restless longing for freer air and green fields, so he said to his chum:

"I say, pardner, let's go out of town like the 'ristocrats to-day."

"Wot's the matter with yer, Skinny? Yer must be gittin' sentimental; yer beant in love, be yer?" insinuated his double, a stout, squarely built, German-looking lad about his own age, with the same ragged costume and the same street-stains on face and manner.

"Go 'long with yer," answered Skinny Bill, nudging his friend in the ribs; "wot kind er pill do yer take me fur? I aint no sich cake as that;" and a look of profound disgust passed over his countenance. "I'm a goin' for eels, and yer bet I know where there's some bustin' big uns."

His listener's eyes sparkled.

"Yer aint a lyin', is yer, Skinny?" he earnestly asked.

"Wish I may die if I am; jest yer come 'long and see," replied Skinny Bill, changing his quid from one cheek to the other.

"T'aint Grand Wharf?" suggested his friend.

"No, 't aint," shortly replied Bill. "I aint goin' to tell you no more. Yer can come if yer wants to, and if yer don't yer can stay to home and keep house fur yer mammy;" and he moved off humbly.

His companion stood watching his little figure as he slouched along the road with both hands in his ragged pockets and whistling a refrain from the last new opera of Gilbert and Sullivan, which

he had heard from the gallery of the Music Hall in Monmouth the previous winter, having industriously shoveled snow from pavement after pavement to enjoy that unusual treat.

Dutchie—and he knew no other name—stood uncertain, wriggling his toes down in the dust of the road and contemplatively jingling the few loose coppers in the pockets of his ragged trousers. Presently he appeared to have arrived at a conclusion, and clenching both dirty hands together, placed them to his mouth, and blowing through them gave vent to a shrill whistle, which suggested for its composition three-quarters steam whistle to one-quarter Indian war-whoop; then, setting off at a quick run, he soon caught up to Skinny Bill, who had slackened his pace as the signal of his comrade fell upon his ear.

"Changed yer mind, did yer?" he asked, as Dutchie came up red and out of breath.

"Yes, yer needn't ha' been so huffy," replied that individual; and the two trotted along in silence, making occasional excursions to the sides of the road, peeping through holes in the board fences, throwing a random stone at a stray dog or cat, frightening every chicken out of its senses by a stentorian "Whoop-la!" and every small child they encountered by a hideous face and a lunge toward it that sent it in-doors screaming with terror.

Presently Dutchie spoke:

"I say, Skinny, it's hot; yer ought ter ha' had yer carriage."

"Ya-as," drawled Skinny Bill in reply, placing his thumbs under his armpits and twirling his fingers with a *grande air*; "but it's broke, and I bounced the walley the other day."

"Yer walley? I allers thought a walley was a thing wot waited on yer like and washed and dressed yer, and not wot looked arter yer hosses. Ef yer had a walley yer face 'ud be cleaner," remarked Dutchie, keeping at a respectful distance.

Skinny Bill's small fist closed threateningly.

"Yer had too much meat at yer breakfast, didn't yer?" he replied, scornfully, "or yer wouldn't be so imperent. I guess I'll have to take some of the starch out of yer collar."

"Come on," returned Dutchie, squaring off and prancing up and down the road like a young war-horse; "I aint yer walley, and yer can't bounce me. Come on, I say."

Skinny Bill turned savagely, and rushing at his "pardner," the two boys clinched viciously, pounding each other right and left, but keeping a watchful eye for outside interference.

The superior weight and size of Dutchie after a time began to tell in his favor, and the odds were turning ominously against his opponent, when he caught sight of a uniformed "cop" looming up in the distance, and proceeding up the road in the

\*"Where art thou, where art thou, my beloved home!"—"Der Wanderer," Schubert.

deliberate manner peculiar to policemen having a long and scattered suburban beat.

His grasp upon Skinny Bill relaxed, and a wagon passing at the time offering a means of speedy retreat from the battle-ground, he grasped the tail-board, and thus clinging on behind, was soon carried toward the not-far-distant city by a rapid, if not easy, means of transit.

Skinny Bill, thus left in possession of the field, took to his heels in an opposite direction, leaving the "cop" and the streets far behind him, nor did he pause until the pavements were completely merged into country roads and green fields, the fresh, salty smack in the air indicating the near presence of water.

Ascending a small hill, the blue expanse of Long Island Sound lay before him, while to his right was the mouth of a little river that emptied itself into the salt waters of the Sound. Here had been built a rickety wharf, many of its planks having fallen and leaving dangerous holes in their place and covered with moss clinging to the sides and rendering slippery every spot touched by the water. A yacht was fastened to the end of the wharf, but no signs of living being was to be seen, and Skinny Bill, seating himself on one of the piles and swinging over the side his bare, brown legs, took from one of his pockets line and hook, which he proceeded to bait with some pieces of lobster-meat that he produced from a second pocket, and which would not fail to herald its coming far and wide among the finny tribe it was destined to allure.

Carefully adjusting his line, he dropped it into the water, and, leaning his arms upon his knees, settled himself to await results, totally oblivious that the "mills of the gods" were grinding to powder his plans for a day's fishing.

His Nemesis, however, hovered over him, in the merry group of ladies and gentlemen, who, carefully picking their way along the old timbers of the wharf, were piloted by a weather-beaten man, who proceeded toward the yacht with an air of proprietorship.

It was at this instant that Charles Marsden, one of the party of four, caught sight of Skinny Bill sitting with his back turned to them.

The boy had given one stealthy glance in their direction, and, recognizing the party, felt that his only refuge lay in remaining unnoticed, and had, therefore, carefully kept his face away from them, bending intently over the water.

Charles stopped and took a second look, which Skinny Bill felt rather than saw and cringed under, feeling the horrible certainty that he was in a tight place, from which he saw no reasonable outlet.

With two strides Charles came up behind him, and seizing him by both arms, held him out, wriggling and writhing, over the deep water at the end of the wharf.

"See here, boss," pleaded Skinny Bill, in a beseeching tone, "you wouldn't do a thing like that, would you?"

"Just you wait a minute and I'll show you what I'll do, you scoundrel," answered Charles, savagely shaking him; "I'll give you a lesson you won't forget in a hurry," and again he shook him, until everything spun around before the eyes of Skinny Bill and he kept but one realizing sense, that of the black, deep water beneath him.

"Charles! Charles!" called Elinor, hurriedly advancing, "what are you doing? what is the matter with the boy? Oh!—" she said, suddenly pausing, as the pale face of Skinny Bill greeted her.

Charles, half turning at the sound of Elinor's voice, still kept his grasp on Skinny Bill.

"Stand up," he said, shaking the boy by way of punctuation and placing him on his feet with a jerk, "and let the lady look at you. Do you know, you good-for-nothing rascal, you nearly killed those ladies yesterday?"

"Wish I may die if I did, boss," whimpered Skinny Bill, applying the back of his dirty hand to his eyes, "didn't mean no harm."

"No, Charles," said Elinor, earnestly, "I'm sure he never stopped to think. For my sake, let him go now, he is frightened enough. You will not do so again, will you?" she kindly continued, turning to the crouching boy.

"No, mem," answered Skinny Bill, meekly, with a gleam of renewed hope. His quick perceptions, sharpened to an infinitesimal point by the circumstances of his nomadic life, taught him that the danger was over, and native impudence, reasserting itself, restored to him his self-possession.

"Me poor muther is sick," he whined, "and she wants some eels, and I was a cotchin' 'em fur her, an' I didn't mean no harm, nobow. Let me off this time, boss, and I won't do so no more."

"Shall I let him go, Elinor?" asked Charles, still savagely regarding the boy.

"Yes, indeed, Charles," she answered, warmly; "it's not his fault half as much as that of other people. Or," she continued, turning to Thalia and Geoffrey, witnesses of this little scene, "if society would but start at the root of the matter and take care of the children, both high and low, this world would not be so full of crooked old trees."

"Come, Marsden," spoke Geoffrey, in his languid tones, "let the poor little cuss off; he's frightened enough to keep out of mischief for an hour or two, and you can't expect more than that."

Thalia kept silence, watching Charles Marsden closely. She saw him hesitate, glance at Elinor with a look that caused her heart to beat in quicker time; then his eyes traveled back to the

boy with a look of aversion, accompanied by a tightening grasp upon his arm.

"If I let you go it will only be because the lady wishes it," he spoke, between his set teeth. "There, go," he continued, giving the boy a fling in Elinor's direction, "down on your knees and thank her. You'll never be so near an angel again."

Elinor glanced up with a quick, surprised look. Her eyes met those of Charles, their intensity of expression holding her in its grasp. Slowly the color mounted over her face up to the very roots of her hair.

"Better come aboard," came in nasal tones from the "ancient mariner," as Thalia had christened their "skipper;" "you'll want to be gettin' off afore the tide turns."

Charles turned abruptly and, stepping over the railing of the yacht, offered his hand to Elinor in his usual cool and collected manner.

Skinny Bill, taking advantage of his chance, sped swiftly away, only going far enough to chuckle over his fortunate escape and return to his fishing as soon as the party had left the shore.

Could Elinor, however, have seen the vicious anger with which he turned and shook his small fist at Charles Maraden's back, and heard the muttered curse, with the promise that "he'd be even with him yet," she would have had more than one misgiving as to the realization of her dreams for the advancement of civilization.

The yacht was cast from its moorings, answering gayly to the filling of the sails. The "ancient mariner" stood at the helm, intent upon his business, slowly moving from time to time the rudder, that mind which ruled the inert body, or shortly exclaiming, "Heads, gents!" as the sail shifted from side to side. No sound disturbed the singing of the wind through the ropes and the refrain of the waves, as the bow of the vessel parted them right and left, throwing up little jets of spray. Dim in the distance lay Falkner Island, and toward this point were they steadily steering. Dotted over the expanse of sparkling water lay yachts, lifting and dipping—some anchored on a fishing ground, with a lazy figure reclining in the bow and dropping a seemingly endless line down into the unseen treasure-trove below; others, with full sail set, mounting the watery hills and sliding into the hollows like sea-birds. One passed by carrying a merry party, and soft laughter and the sound of distant singing was borne to their ears on the fresh salt breeze.

Onward they flew, drinking in the very poetry of motion. Geoffrey, stretched full length in the bow of the vessel by Thalia's side, gazed with dreaming eyes far out toward the hazy line where sky and heavens met. Thalia, bending over, came within his line of vision.

"How many miles away?" she asked, with a smile in her blue eyes.

"Not very many, Miss Thalia," he answered, coloring slightly. "How could you entertain the idea of 'miles' when you are here beside me? No, I was drinking in the delights of existence, as you once said you did, with my eyes closed. I echo Buchanan Read to-day, for

'With dreaming eyes,  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise.'

Let me tempt you," he continued, taking a lemon from his pocket.

"Thanks, dear serpent," said Thalia, meekly; "I, like Eve, do not need the fruit, but, unlike her, will not be tempted beyond resistance."

They laughed aloud. Elinor, bending from under the shade of her sun umbrella, saw Geoffrey stoop and lightly kiss the tips of Thalia's fingers.

"Enchantress," she heard him say, "it was not the serpent, but the woman, who caused the fall of man."

There was a curious contraction of her heart, at which she wondered, and which, peeping forth from the windows of her eyes, caused Charles to look savage and mentally anathematize Thalia's coquetry. He left Elinor's side, and stood over Geoffrey and Thalia, looking down on them.

"Plenty of room, Maraden," said Geoffrey, looking up and moving still closer to Thalia to make room for Charles.

"I am afraid in this case," he answered, with a scarcely noticeable curve of his lip, "the old adage of three being a crowd would prove correct."

Thalia's brow contracted with transient impatience.

"Let us combine forces, gentlemen," she said, rising and joining Elinor.

As she stepped down into the bottom of the vessel, her foot slipped, and Geoffrey's arm alone prevented a fall.

"Pray be careful, Miss Thalia," he said, earnestly; "you should be more careful in running any risk."

She raised her eyes, with a look in them that both bewildered and fascinated him. It was a new experience to this great boy, and he liked it.

Why not indeed, as Thalia had recommended, close his eyes and drift with the tide, as indeed he had done throughout all his past life? If life held any pleasant thing, why indeed should he not enjoy it? there was nothing else for him to do at present, and this food of the gods was pleasant and innocent as well. So, still retaining Thalia's hand, he drew her down beside Elinor, and Charles joining them, the conversation became general.

"Aunt Elinor," spoke Geoffrey, "you have me completely at your mercy; you can throw me to the fish or string me up to the mainmast, or you

can cause me to die from unsatisfied curiosity if you will not tell me whither we are going."

"Far over yonder," replied Elinor, rising and pointing to where the outline of Falkner Island set sharply up against the high white light, her slender figure showing to advantage in her closely-fitting dress of blue flannel. "Be it known to you, Mr. Geoffrey Allston, that in a certain year gone by there came gayly sailing up these very waters a bold and daring pirate Captain—Kidd by name. His ship was freighted low with golden Spanish ducats and sparkling jewels; and in the dead of night in this same valiant Captain said to have buried his treasures deep down in the sandy soil and under the rocks of these islands that lie around us; then, re-embarking, sailed far out toward the eastern sun, never returning to claim his riches. There they still lie, awaiting the fortunate hand that will restore them to the light of day. It may be, Mr. Geoffrey Allston, that you have been destined by a mysterious fate to be that man," she concluded, pointing dramatically at Geoffrey, then sinking back into her seat beside him with a little laugh.

"Bravo, Elinor," applauded Charles; "you have an undeveloped vein of histrionic talent that has taken me quite by surprise. The Madonna of the sunbonnet is merged in a Sappho crowned with laurel," he continued, in a low tone.

"What an El Dorado you open up to me, Aunt Elinor. Do you not see, Miss Thalia," said Geoffrey, turning to Thalia, "the light of covetousness already showing in my countenance?" and he opened widely his brown eyes.

She met his glance squarely, and, with a long look, replied:

"I see a something, but cannot quite read it. It is written in hieroglyphics that takes time to decipher."

"'Tis an open page, or, at least, should be to you, Miss Thalia," he answered, with a look of undisguised admiration. Her sunny hair, blown in little rings about her delicate face, seemed tendrils twined by Love's own hand, and that mischievous, pernicious, meddling little god, dipping his rosy fingers into every one's pie of life, mixed then and there both sweet and acid for two of that merry sailing party.

The keel of the boat grated against the beach, the "ancient mariner," jumping into the shallow water, threw out a plank, across which narrow path the party reached the shore.

The afternoon shadows were slanting low and long and the lighthouse-tower gleamed creamy white against the sapphire of heaven and water; even the scanty vegetation and scattered scrub-pines were beautified by the softening light.

"Does any one care to ascend the tower?" asked Elinor, addressing the rest of the party.

"I will go," answered Geoffrey, starting to her

side; "it isn't often I have the chance of viewing humanity from so high a standpoint. How we will look down upon you, Miss Thalia; as for you, Marsden, you will be completely hidden by Miss Thalia's radiance."

"Very likely," commented Charles, dryly; "it would not be the first time she has obscured my brilliancy."

Elinor and Geoffrey vanished through the low, heavy doorway of the tower, their voices dying away in hollow murmurs.

A constrained silence fell upon Thalia and Charles thus left *tête-à-tête*. Thalia glanced at her companion; she did not mean to help him over this embarrassing situation at her own expense, for a feeling of pique ruled her spirit as she recalled his attitude toward Elinor Ames; and still more was this feeling increased as Charles, in a preoccupied manner, walked slowly at her side, apparently unmindful of her presence. Presently he halted and looked up.

"I beg pardon, Thalia," he said, evidently gathering in his thoughts from far and wide; "you were so quiet I had ceased to think of you as being near me."

So it had come to this—was she obliged to recall herself to his mind by the sound of her voice? His indifference wrought a subtle change in her, fanning into flame a smoldering feeling of anger, of which the outcome was a determination that had it been put to her by another person she would have rejected with much disdain, but which quite unconsciously tempered and colored her future treatment of Charles.

Under the influence of this new feeling she sweetly replied:

"No apology needed, I am sure, Charles; we are sufficiently old friends not to be obliged to stand upon ceremony one with the other."

Charles glanced keenly at her; it was hardly like Thalia to answer thus quietly under any slight to her charms, no matter how trivial, yet he felt a grateful sense of relief, his constraint vanishing and giving place to his natural manner.

"Sit here, Thalia," he said, snapping away with his handkerchief the sand from a flat rock. "We will not go far away, for Elinor and Geoffrey will not be long gone, and the sun is low down in the west. What a delicious breeze this is!" he continued, sitting on the sand at her feet and throwing his hat beside him.

It was a sheltered nook that they had chosen, shielded from the fierce storms of winter by a low vegetation of straggling pines, whose crooked branches were tortured and strained by the sweeping winds into all sorts of strange and fantastic forms. The sand was covered by a scanty growth of coarse grass, interspersed by rocks both great and small, washed into irregular heaps by the action of the tides and shifting sands.



"Yes," replied Thalia, picking up a handful of the sparkling sand and letting it run through her fingers, "it is the loveliest time of the day to me, the light lies so prettily on everything. But, Charles," she said, suddenly changing the subject, "what a funny thing it is in Elinor to have allowed herself to have become Mr. Geoffrey Allston's guardian."

"I am sorry she has taken such a responsibility upon herself," replied Charles, picking up Thalia's parasol and drawing in the sand with the point; "to be sure, it will not continue for any length of time, but it is a curious position for a woman to be placed in, and does entail more anxiety upon her than I like to think of."

The sides of the triangle in the sand became deep furrows under the strong pressure of Charles's hand upon the parasol, the irritation this thought occasioned him showing undisguisedly.

Suddenly the metal point of this modern stylus came in contact with a hard object. Thalia saw Charles bend over suddenly and search in the sand. Presently he withdrew his hand, and, holding something up to her, said, with a laugh:

"I've struck Captain Kidd's treasure trove! behold the first find, Thalia."

He held in his fingers a heavy gold ring, black with age and the action of the briny water, and engraved with curious letters in old Spanish. They bent their heads closely together in their eager examination and their hands met.

A voice dropped down through the air upon them.

"Hello!" shouted Geoffrey, leaning over the rail of the balcony above. Thalia quickly drew away, turned up her face, and kissed lightly the tips of her fingers.

Elinor, standing clearly defined against the horizon, noted the action with a strange feeling of desolation—noticed the softened look on Geoffrey's face, and turned away, saying:

"I think I shall descend; these heights are trying to one's nerves, and I am dizzy."

Geoffrey turned at once.

"Forgive me, Aunt Elinor, for keeping you here; your hand is like ice. Why, little woman, are you cold? you are actually shivering. Come, this will not do; let us go at once;" and he had off his coat in a thrice, thrown over her shoulders, and neatly buttoned under her chin.

She laughed in spite of herself; the deep, gray eyes cleared, and the color returned to the sweet lips and rounded cheek.

"I can't allow you to deprive yourself of your coat, Geoffrey. It is more than kind, but I really do not need it, and you will be sure to catch cold in this damp tower."

"Not a bit of it," he replied, gayly; then, as she made an effort toward freeing herself of the garment, added, in a tone of authority that quick-

ened the beating of her heart: "I will not listen to it, Elinor. In this matter it is I who command, and you who obey."

No boyish tones rang through this speech; here was a man's will confronting her—the boy had vanished. She made a feeble attempt to resume the reins of government.

"What, mutiny?" she exclaimed. Their eyes met, and he nodded to her smilingly.

"Yes, mutiny, Elinor, in this instance, at least; you may thrash me if you want to. I sha'n't mind it one bit."

"I see," she said; "my kingdom is to be a limited monarchy, dependent, in a measure, on the voice of the people."

"No," he returned, stepping out through the door at the foot of the tower into the sunlight; "you are queen by divine right. What have you, Marsden?" he asked, looking at Charles.

"What a curious old ring, Charles," spoke Elinor, examining it; "what is this inscription upon it?"

"I cannot quite make it out," replied Charles. "It is old-style Spanish, I think, and I do not understand even the modern tongue very thoroughly."

"Allow me;" and Geoffrey, taking it from Charles, pored over it a moment, then, handing it to Thalia, said: "As near as I can make it out it runs thus—'To the most faithful of her sex.' What confidence the old Spanish Don must have had in the fair Senorita of his choice!"

Thalia had slipped the ring upon her finger; Charles, holding out his hand, laughed, saying:

"It does not fit well, Thalia, does it?"

She dropped it into his hand, compressing her lips, and turned to Elinor, saying:

"Is it not growing late? I am becoming ravenous, and can almost scent Drusilla's broiled chicken and waffles."

Charles, helping Elinor into the boat, slipped the ring upon her finger, and, speaking in a low voice, said:

"Wear it, Elinor, for the sake of an old friendship; it suits you well."

"Thank you, Charles," she replied, gently; "I shall value it very much."

Thalia and Geoffrey, near by, caught the words and action, and glanced at one another with a smile.

Once again were they afloat, the subdued evening light and soft breeze casting over their spirits a quieting languor, and in their midst Geoffrey began to sing. Swiftly and steadily the boat flew on, the sleepy lapping of the waves along the sides, the breeze, making of the rigging an Æolian harp, beat an accompaniment to the swaying melody of the gondolier that floated out above them all in Geoffrey Allston's clear, full tones.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### "THE WAY OF THE WORLD."

OUTSIDE the rain fell; the clouds, dense and black and threatening, hung low—a dusky, sodden canopy from which soaking tears fell heavily down on the patient face of the care-worn earth.

Behind the clouds—beyond the leaden horizon that bounded sight, away off in Africa, or Hindostan, perhaps—the sun was shining clear and the earth was smiling back at him joyously, with dimpling of lovely water, the pluming and preening of birds, and the radiance and exuberance of flowers.

But that was a thing utterly apart and removed from the sodden village where the rain fell. Here was only murkiness and depression, a gloom solid enough to furnish blocks for the construction of a monument to despair. Leadens air wrapped the place in a winding sheet, through which soaked ceaselessly the penitential tears of a universe.

In the room it was scarcely better; the fire, shrunken to a few, low-spirited embers, hid itself under a wan, white ash, which not even the urgency of a draught from the half opened door was potent to lift. A purblind old dog lay at gaunt and unattractive length upon the hearth-rug, stretching his meagre limbs wistfully, courting the warmth that was not there. On the inlaid tables, the carved and crimson furniture, the handsome book-cases, rested the soft gray dust of weeks; the rich carpet was littered with scraps of torn paper, among which appeared here and there the track of a muddy boot. The curtains had been pulled aside ungently to admit the grudging, sullen light, and hung in angular, ill-tempered puckers that, perhaps, had once been folds. An odd glove lay huddled on the mantel, with its fellow on the floor under the dog's feet; there were faded flowers, bereft of sweetness and color, in the vases. The room looked as though nobody cared for it or ever had cared for it since the world begun.

Silence brooded deadly, dumbly over all—chilly, weird silence that was empty, echoing, and very cold. Now and then it was broken harshly, footsteps passed, going back and forth through the passages, heavy footsteps that trod carefully, with a muffled sound; when the broken bands of silence reunited the ear ached and the heart grew faint with apprehension. The surcharged air was weary; through it sound fell like the rattle of clods on a coffin-lid when the sexton is careless and no friend is nigh.

Doors opened and shut, and into the house men bore something long and black, with a gleam of silver, as from handles and plates brightly burnished—serious-faced men in professional garb, moving with professional sobriety. Along the passage and into the room they came, with the

gloomy object between them, and rested it a moment on the table. One of them pushed back his gray hair and wiped his forehead, for the stairway was steep, the passages long, their burden wearisome and heavy. The other passed his hand admiringly over the end of the coffin nearest him, feeling its smoothness, enjoying its gloss and the perfection of its appointments. He leaned forward and rubbed the silver plate with his sleeve, muttering the name over to himself.

"It's a handsome thing," observed the gray-haired man, slowly; "the best was ordered, and the best they've got. Good metal, pure silver, and rich furnishing; no scrimping and no make-believe. Crape of the best for everything; mourners' scarfs and hat-bands and gloves, all of the best. Everything is to my mind exactly handsome and rich, and no orders save the one—all of the best, all first-class. The widow is doing a good part by him."

The other man nodded thoughtfully.

"The widow's a rich woman," he said; "she can afford to be handsome about the funeral; it's the most satisfaction she's ever had out of him. Drinking and spreeing from morning till night, drinking and spreeing from week's end to week's end. No good to his children, no good to himself, no good to her. Dead at thirty five of drink and a life gone wrong. She had better have left him to little Nannie."

"We buried little Nannie five years ago," said the gray man, softly; "we made the grave by the churchyard gate as she wished, and used white crape and violets as for a child. She was so young and pure we had out the white hearse for her. Black was too gloomy for her who had never sinned. When she died it was like a lily broken off. He used to bring violets and lilies to her grave sometimes. I have seen him in the twilight."

"It was the money did it," observed the other; "this lady—his wife—had gold and bonds and property in many places; she favored him and let him see it. He was poor; he hated work; he loved ease and luxury and freedom from responsibility; little Nannie was poor, too, and so, although he loved her, he sold himself for the other woman's money. A poor bargain his wife made; too weak to hold to his love; too weak to work out his own life; too weak to give fair equivalent for value received; too weak to hold up his own weight and keep himself straight—a drone, a parasite, a coward. Dead at thirty-five of drink, and a life gone wrong. A poor life, a poor death, and, to cover all, a grand funeral."

"He had feeling, though," remarked the gray man, leaning his elbow on the coffin and stroking it with his hand. "The flowers for little Nannie's grave and the way he used to sit for hours under the old oak-tree beside the stile in the clover, smoothing the bark with his hand and whispering

over and over the letters he cut in the bark of the tree when it was spring with them and he was true. They are there still—his name and hers—cut deep in the rough oak bark. Often when the drink had unlocked his grief he lay beside the tree and wept. I have seen him."

"And his wife at home prayed for him, perhaps. Ah! well, I remember the night of the marriage; the widow that is was very grand; she wore lace and jewels and satin. Her face was proud and radiant, for she had tempted him away from little Nannie with her gold and he was hers forever. He looked content, also—strong and full of life and fair; but there was a light in his eyes which was flickering and brilliant, and the odor of his breath was powerful of that which is death to peace and joy. Little Nannie was there, back in the dusk of the old church-porch; her eyes glowed like stars when the night is clear, but her cheeks and her lips were like death. As they passed her going out, the bride's dress swept against her hand. I saw her shrink and quiver, as from a blow, and her heart beat hard and fast, as though it would break its bonds. When I came home I told you, and we laid aside the purest satin, the most stainless wood, against the time they would be needed."

"Yes," the gray man acquiesced; "I remember. She died within a year, and after her death he took to drinking hard. He drank before, but not like then. It was as though he dared not face his own thoughts sober. His was a feeling heart, and he loved little Nannie through all."

"But not above all," replied the other, sternly; "he wronged Nannie—she was dead; he wronged his wife still more—she lived and loved him. A feeling heart, say you; a wasted, selfish life, say I—weak and unfaithful all through, weak and unfaithful from beginning to end; and dead of drink at thirty-five. Come, we will go; they are ready for us."

Slow footsteps tore the coffin away; a bell tolled somewhere in the distance—heavily, mournfully. Hours passed, doors opened and shut again; a hearse came, received its burden, and drove away, with a line of black carriages following; the clouds lowered thick and gloomy, but the rain had ceased.

Presently a bright-faced, tidy-looking maid came into the deserted room and cleared away the dust and rubbish and opened the shutters of the back windows. She stirred the gray ashes and lay wood and kindling on the fire, fanning it to a bright glow on the cleanly swept hearth. The old dog stretched himself and dozed enjoyingly in the cheery warmth. Some one came and folded away the gloves and placed fresh flowers in the vases and drew the curtains into graceful folds. The clouds drew away in great fragments that curled at the edges to show a soft, white lining; the sun came out, a breeze stirred gently.

M. G. McCLELLAND.

## AUNT MARTHA'S CLOCK.

"YOU know, my dear Herbert," said my Aunt Martha, "that in the precarious state of my health, with my life hanging, as it were, upon a thread, it behooves me to see that all my affairs are in order."

"Certainly," I responded, with dutiful but difficult gravity.

My aunt was only a little past middle age, weighed one hundred and fifty-six pounds, had a color like a peony and a waist which measured twenty-eight inches—was, in truth, in full health and vigor, and likely to live to a ripe old age; so that her favorite fiction that she was the victim of a hopeless and mysterious malady, and might at any moment shuffle off this mortal coil, was without the slightest foundation in fact. Nevertheless, she derived much enjoyment from the illusion, and delighted in the contemplation of her own premature decease and in perpetually going over all the details of her interment and other cheerful accessories of the supreme event.

She was a dear old soul, and I was indebted to her for much of the happiness of my childhood and the easy enjoyment of my youth. I owed her both affection and duty, and paid them heartily; but I must confess I found it difficult to respond becomingly to the constantly recurring claims on my sympathy with reference to this death-bed bogey of hers. The perpetual cry of "Wolf!" had hardened me, I suppose.

So I stipulated that the subject should be tabooed between us, excepting on festival occasions, such as birthdays, Christmas, the New Year, and the like, when my aunt was to be accorded the luxury of her favorite topic, and might dress herself metaphorically in the well-worn grave-clothes so dear to her heart, as well as propound for the fiftieth time her last will and testament.

The occasion with which my story deals was Aunt Martha's fifty-sixth birthday. I was spending it with her by special invitation, and the bogey-talk had gone on without intermission since the early heavy dinner which my aunt's old-fashioned hospitality always inflicted upon me. We were sitting in the comfortable drawing-room of the old house at Brompton in which Aunt Martha lived, surrounded by all the memories and relics of her childhood's home, and served by the same faithful domestics who had waited on her father and mother before her.

It was close upon six o'clock, and twilight shadows clung to the corners of the dark oak wainscoting, and hung like funeral palls over the heavily framed portraits of Aunt Martha's dead-and-gone ancestors. I was by this time thoroughly saturated with the spirit of the graveyard talk to which I had been listening; I was, besides, somewhat sleepy, owing no doubt to the unwonted hour

at which I had been induced to imbibe several glasses of old '34 port, and nodding surreptitiously from time to time from the deep recesses of the arm-chair in which I was seated.

"These anniversaries are solemn things," my aunt observed, shaking her head and sighing profoundly. "I cannot disguise from myself, Herbert, that I shall in all probability never see another birthday. Before the second of March comes round again I shall most likely be moldering in the silent tomb."

"Whirr-r r—gurr-r-r—boom—boom—bang!" sounded from the dim corner immediately behind my seat.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, springing to my feet and turning round so as to face the enemy. "What on earth was that? Something exploded?"

My aunt sat still, perfectly unmoved and placid.

"That, my dear boy," she explained, "is your grandfather's clock."

"A clock?" I echoed. "Is that all? I thought it was an infernal machine. What, in the name of all that's diabolical, is the matter with the thing?"

"The chime is out of order," Aunt Martha replied. "The clockmaker says it is worn out; but it used to have the sweetest, clearest tone. I remember it when I was a child."

"It's a hideous discord now!" I remarked, with some *animus*; for I was a good deal ruffled at having made such a donkey of myself in my first alarm.

"I am very fond of the old clock," said my aunt, plaintively. "It is associated with the happiest days of my life, and its chime, altered as it is, brings back my dear father's voice. He was a martinet with regard to punctuality, and that dear old clock kept time for the whole house. It has always since been in my bed-room. I liked to see it the first thing when I awoke in the morning, but I had it moved down here last week. It—it"—reluctantly—"disturbed me a little in the night. I don't sleep so well as I used, I find—another symptom of the end, Herbert—and I thought it better to move the clock."

"I don't wonder—the brute!" I muttered, resentfully.

"I have felt the change," continued my aunt; "at my age one feels everything. But I am trying to wean myself from earthly things, Herbert, and, as I said just now, I am anxious to see that all my affairs are in order and prepared for what may come at any moment. I have done my best, I think, modestly, "to save everybody trouble, and have explained my wishes as clearly as I can, both in writing and verbally."

"Yes; you have nothing to reproach yourself with on that score," I acquiesced, with veiled irony.

"It will be for you, Herbert, to see that they are carried out faithfully," concluded my aunt, complacently accepting my remark.

"You may trust me, Aunt Martha," I replied.

"Yes, my dear boy, I know I can. You are my heir, of course, Herbert, as I have often told you. Everything is left to you, excepting the legacies to the servants, poor things, and a provision for my niece, Phyllis Mortimer, my poor sister's only child. I have never seen her; her father quarreled with me after poor Anne's death, and then he died and the girl grew up among her own relatives on the other side of the water. Queer sort of people they must be, I fancy, or they wouldn't live at such a place as Calais. They evidently shared Philip Mortimer's prejudice against me, and, of course, I could not force myself upon the child after her father's death; if we had been reconciled before that it would have been different. However, Phyllis is my own sister's child, the only one left of our family excepting yourself, and I have thought it right to remember the relationship and to treat her as my niece in my will. I have left her one hundred and fifty pounds a year."

"I am very glad to hear it, Aunt Martha," I said, heartily.

"Yes, my dear boy, I knew you would approve," my aunt rejoined. "And now there is only one thing unsettled, and that is—the clock. I am afraid"—looking anxiously at me—"you would not care to have it, although"—with a tender glance at the abominable instrument—"it chimes only twice in the day—at twelve o'clock and at six. I could not bear to think of its being put away in a garret or sold to a second-hand dealer or anything of that sort, Herbert. If you could have it in your chambers—"

Now I had furnished my chambers with what I considered exquisite taste. I had carefully eschewed Queen Anne monstrosities and rhubarb-colored abominations, and stood pledged before my friends to an anti-aesthetic creed. I glanced ruefully at the ugly, heavy framed machine. What a blot it would be among my French mirrors and satin covered chairs, and how the fellows would chaff! And then that horrible chime! I should be the laughing-stock of the club. No, I could not stand it, not even for Aunt Martha.

Aunt Martha saw my decision in my face and sighed. Evidently her last hope died out in that sigh.

"The clock has a history, Herbert," she said. "It belonged to our ancestor, Sir John Mordhurst, in the time of Queen Anne, and is the last relic of our past grandeur. Sir John's grandson, Sir Nevil, ran through everything; he and his son cut off the entail, the estate was sold, and the son died unmarried. The title went to a distant branch; but they were poor people and did not



care for the empty honor, so the family died out. My father was descended from them in the female line, and the clock came into his possession from his mother and he taught us all to reverence it. I prize it above all my other relics, and so did Anne—in fact, it was about the clock that the Mortimers and I quarreled. Philip Mortimer claimed it—for Anne—and I flatly refused to part with it. My father left it to me; he had no opinion of Philip Mortimer, and he knew I loved the clock and should take good care of it, which I have done."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "Miss Mortimer—"

"Yes," responded my dear old aunt, "I have been thinking of that. Girls have more reverence than young men and more sentiment, too. Phyllis must have heard her mother speak of the clock, and for her sake she would value it."

"It would be a sort of olive branch," I suggested, insinuatingly.

"Exactly," agreed my aunt. "And I should like to think"—here the dear old lady became somewhat involved—"when I am in my coffin, that I was at peace with all the world, and especially with poor Anne's child."

"It would be only right to leave it to my cousin," I urged, with decision.

"Yes, I think it would be right," assented Aunt Martha, with an air of relief. "I shall send for Preston in the morning and make a codicil to my will."

Then the cheerful rattle of cups heralded the entrance of tea and enabled me to change the subject of conversation.

"Thank goodness," I said to myself an hour or two later, as I drew on my overcoat in the hall, assisted by my aunt's venerable butler and factotum, Peters, "I have arranged that matter of the clock, and without hurting the old lady's feelings, too! Miss Mortimer's are another matter; but they don't concern me."

"Herbert!" called my aunt from the doorway of the drawing-room.

I stepped back from the already opened hall-door.

"Heaven bless you, my dear boy!" exclaimed the good soul, fervently. "Remember, if my symptoms should come on to-night and the worst should happen—it is *angina pectoris*, I have not a shadow of a doubt—before I have had time to execute that codicil, you will hand the clock over to your Cousin Phyllis! Promise me, Herbert!"

"I promise faithfully," I answered, with fervor; and then I kissed the rubicund cheeks for the second time, and, with a good-night nod to old Peters, stepped out into the bleak, east-wind-swept street.

"Can't see any one, Morice—not even the Prince of Wales! I'm particularly engaged. Tell him

to come to-morrow or next day or whenever he likes. Can't see him now!" I called out from my dressing-room in answer to a summons from my man one evening shortly after my aunt's birthday. "It's perfectly impossible!" I reiterated, applying my double hair-brushes vigorously and so overpowering an expostulatory murmur from Morice outside the closed door.

It was already seven thirty-five P. M., and I was hurrying through my toilet for a dinner at eight, sharp, at Sir George Lancemere's. Sir George had three pretty daughters and Lady Lancemere was disposed to be exceedingly gracious and I was getting a little tired of my bachelor-life and beginning, like Benedict, to have certain tender thoughts and dreams, all prompting me "how sweet young Hero was." But, as yet, my ideal Hero was apt to change, and the unpictured frame, round which hovered so many tender fancies, was not definitely filled up.

"My fancy loves to rove  
From the black-eyed to the blue,  
From the tiny to the tall;  
And the youngest and the newest  
Was the fairest of them all."

And the "fairest" just now was Una Lancemere. Una was certainly uncommonly pretty, and the remembrance of her big, innocent blue eyes and rose-tinted complexion had made me more particular than usual in the choice of the "button-hole," which waited now in a glass of water on my dressing-table. I was not sure, but I thought that the wild rose tint had certainly deepened when Lady Lancemere pressed me to join their dinner-party the next day, and the blue eyes had met mine for an instant before the dark lashes drooped over them so shyly. The thought made my heart beat a little faster, and I was inclined to be more than usually fastidious over the details of my evening toilet.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the voice of the irrepressible Morice once more at the door, "but it's Miss Overton's butler, sir, and his message is very pertickler and—"

"All right, Morice; I'm coming in a minute," I returned, graciously, as I put the finishing touch to my white tie and emerged from my *sanctum* in all the glory of my best war-paint—a message from Aunt Martha was not to be neglected.

"Well, Peters, what is it? All right at home, I hope?" I inquired, tempering my usual affability of manner with that dash of patronizing assumption which I found necessary when dealing with my aunt's retainers. Peters had known me in petticoats, and, notwithstanding the respectful attitude he generally assumed, there was at times a twinkle in his eyes which reminded me unpleasantly of the circumstance and called up a certain amount of "side" to cope with it. "Is Miss Overton quite well?" I continued, airily.



"No, Mr. Herbert; I am sorry to say my mistress is very ill—very ill indeed!" replied Peters. "She was took at about half-past six with the heart-spasms, sir—worse than she had ever seen her, Susan Miles says. I went for the doctor, sir, and then, by my mistress's orders, I came for you. She said I was to bring you at once; but she hardly expected you would find her alive, I was to say."

"Good heavens, Peters," I exclaimed, "is it as bad as that?" I had forgotten for the moment my aunt's craze.

"Yes, sir; it's very bad," answered the old fellow, shaking his head dolefully. "Shall I call a cab?"

"Yes, yes—at once! Stay a moment! Send Morice to me," I said, dashing to my writing-table and scribbling a hasty note:

"Excuse—bad news at last moment—sudden illness—many apologies."

"Here, Morice, take a hansom, deliver this note at once, and desire them to put it into Lady Lancemere's hands immediately! My coat—here—quick! Ready, Peters!" And I was off without even a regretful thought for Una Lancemere and her blue baby eyes.

The dear old aunt! Had it really come at last? I was filled with poignant remorse for all my careless disregard for her many warnings, for all my sins and shortcomings toward her. I recalled, in that twenty minutes' drive, all her goodness to me, her unflinching love and sympathy, her generosity, and I realized what a blank in my life the loss of the kind, motherly woman—the only relative I had in the world—would make. Susan Miles, my aunt's maid, met me at the door of her room.

"Thank goodness you've come, Mr. Herbert!" she exclaimed, while the tears coursed each other down her furrowed cheeks. "She does nothing but ask for you; there's something on her mind, and she can't be easy till she's seen you."

My aunt was propped up in bed, looking certainly paler than I had ever seen her, but, so far as my unprofessional experience went, not exactly at the point of death. No doubt the attack had been severe, and the pain had considerably exhausted her—the Doctor told me as much—but the awful moment for which dear old Aunt Martha had so long been preparing us had undoubtedly not yet come. She would live to make another codicil to her will, I recognized, with a quick throb of thankfulness as I sat down by the bedside and gently stroked the plump white hands folded over the coverlet.

"I am glad you have come, Herbert," she murmured, weakly. "It is over for this time, Doctor Porter says; but my life hangs upon a thread—a mere thread. This evening's shock is the beginning of the end. It is a solemn warning to me,

Herbert, a very solemn warning; and I must be prepared for a sudden call—a very sudden call, it may be. When I was so ill just now I pictured the whole scene, the confusion, your distress, Herbert."

I bowed my head, while a queer, choking sensation in my throat prevented my usual parrying repartee.

"And I felt," continued my aunt, "that in all the circumstances the one thing left me to be anxious about—the clock, you know—might be overlooked or forgotten at that time. It was on my mind in that agony, Herbert; and now I am determined, while I have strength, to settle the poor thing in its new home before I go myself." She spoke as if the clock were a living creature. "It will be an effort, Herbert," she went on, the tears filling her eyes; "but I shall feel happier for it. And delays are dangerous. I want you to take the clock at once over to Calais, find out your cousin Phyllis, and deliver it into her own hands. Then come back and report to me how she received it."

"Do you wish me to go now?" I inquired, looking, now that my alarm was over, a little regretfully down at my dress-suit.

"Yes," replied my aunt. "I will not risk another day; that terrible spasm may return at any moment, and in my weakened state—"

"Yes, yes," I interrupted hastily, taking out my watch. "It is nearly nine o'clock—I have missed the evening mail; but I can go in the morning, cross by the early boat, and come back in the afternoon. I shall get back by dinner-time—that is," I amended, pulling myself up in my glib programme by a sudden remembrance, "if I have no delay in finding Miss Mortimer. You have her address, I suppose?"

"Well, no, I haven't; but the Mortimers have been for some years at Calais. You might find out at the English bankers', I should say, or the Consul's, perhaps."

"Oh! it will be all right," I replied. "I shall have no difficulty in unearthing them, I have no doubt."

"I don't see any necessity for your hurrying back so quickly, Herbert," observed my aunt, whose spirits were rising; "you might stay and—make your cousin's acquaintance and tell me all about her, whether she is like Anne or has the Mortimers' nose—a short snub nose, quite different from our family Roman—a very common nose, in fact. I hope Anne's child has escaped it; and—er—Herbert, I should like to hear how the family receive the clock."

That was the real secret; Aunt Martha was more anxious about the time-honored relic than the unknown niece. I must say that I was touched by the dear old soul's faithfulness, and for a moment I hesitated. Could I make the sacrifice?

Could I not do this for Aunt Martha, who had done so much for me? No, I could not. It was cowardly, it was ungrateful, it was ignominiously weak of me; but I could not make up my mind to live with that discordant monster. There was nothing but Calais and Miss Mortimer, I decided, as I rose to my feet and prepared to take my leave.

"I have had a case made for it," said my aunt, plaintively, as she slipped a ten-pound note into my hand for expenses, "and Peters has packed it very carefully. You will find it all ready for you in the hall. Good-bye, my dear boy, and Heaven bless you and bring you back safe again!"

With this solemn benediction I was dismissed. In the hall I found Peters standing over a remarkable-looking black box, a cross between a child's coffin and a violin-case. This he handed, with the gravity of an undertaker, into my cab. It was certainly a compromising piece of luggage for a young gentleman of my pretensions, who had hitherto plumed himself upon traveling with the neatest of portmanteaus and the most irreproachable of Gladstone bags; and as I surveyed it ruefully, I regretted that I and my old Man of the Mountain had not effected our crossing and landing under cover of the darkness of night. I consoled myself with the thought that I might manage to escape observation in the early morning, and the journey was but a short one. Alas! I little realized what lay before me!

Strange to say, I had never before crossed the Channel, and I had undertaken the expedition in all the confidence of ignorance. The crossing from Dover was calm and short; but it was just when my difficulties, according to my own calculation, should have been over that they really began. I ought, I suppose, to have been prepared to hear the French language spoken on the French soil; nevertheless, it took me quite by surprise; so did the utter failure of my Harrow French to convey any impression whatever to the mind of the *gendarme* who barred my path to the gangway.

"*Oui, oui, oui, le mieng—une cloche*," I explained, resisting the official's attempt to possess himself of Aunt Martha's black box, which I had carefully secreted under my traveling-ulster. "*Il n'y a pas de conséquence*," I concluded, with a wave of my disengaged hand and a proud impression that I was speaking French well and fluently—"il n'y a pas de conséquence, *muzoor*!"

The man, however, was not to be propitiated; he put me aside with more force than politeness, while he poured out a torrent of perfectly unintelligible speech before which my feeble effort went down like a reed before a mountain stream.

I was almost the last person on board. I had purposely delayed my landing until all my fellow-passengers, with the exception of two or three invalid ladies, had stepped on shore. I began to

be conscious that there was something more than our inability to understand each other in the Frenchman's conduct. He evidently regarded me with suspicion, for he beckoned to a couple of his comrades stationed at the top of the ladder, and pointed, to my intense annoyance, to the miniature sarcophagus in its "decent black." I was not, after all, to effect the unobtrusive landing on which I had counted.

"*C'est une cloche*," I repeated, more loudly—"une cloche!"

The men glared at me. The eldest and apparently most important of the three demanded something of me in an uncompromising tone which made my British blood boil:

"*La clef! Ou est la clef?*"—"The key? Where is the key?"

He might have been speaking Greek for anything I knew to the contrary. I was reaping the just reward of sin against the much-despised "Froggie" of my schoolboy days.

"*La clef!*" imperatively repeated the official.

I shook my head desperately. Just then I remembered with dismay an account I had lately read of an accomplished lady-smuggler who was found to have secreted some hundreds of yards of valuable lace in a child's coffin. I was evidently suspected of an intention to defraud the revenue.

"*Pas contrabande!*" I protested. "*Pas contrabande, j' assure!* It is— Oh! hang it all, can't you see it is a clock, you idiots?"—as I found myself being conducted on to the pier in a procession which was too suggestive of the escort of a London pickpocket to be agreeable.

To add to the humiliation of the affair, all the *élite* of Calais appeared to be assembled on the pier at this particular moment—probably according to the custom of such watering-places—to see the disembarkation of the boat's passengers. To all these people I could perceive that I was an object of curious and by no means flattering attention. Some of them must have been my countrymen, speaking my own tongue; but, as none of them offered any assistance, an appeal was out of the question.

I execrated the Tower of Babel, I execrated the family relic, I chafed and fumed in impotent wrath, while I tried to look as if the nondescript thing which was being borne in a sort of solemn state at the head of the procession did not belong to me.

Suddenly, as the one drop wanting to fill up the cup of my humiliation, the diabolical instrument thought fit to strike.

"Whirr-r—gurr-r—boom—boom—bang!" sounded with distinct and horrible clamor from the interior of the black case.

The man in charge of the box dropped it with a positive shriek of terror, the spectators scattered in alarm. I felt a determined grasp tighten

upon my shoulder, and resigned myself with the calmness of despair to the next phase of the ridiculous drama.

The half-dozen officials all at once doubled themselves in number and quadrupled themselves in noise. One word, repeated several times, came to me distinctly out of the confused Babel of sounds. It bore a sort of german-cousinship to the English word "dynamite," and flashed a sudden illumination into my bewildered and exasperated brain. I was supposed to be a "dynamitard," and poor Aunt Martha's innocent relic a Nihilistic or Fenian engine of destruction, which had missed fire for the moment, but might presently fulfill its deadly mission.

A movement on the part of an individual who carried a long pole was too suggestive of an intention to drop the dangerous importation into the harbor to be calmly borne. Roused to the defense of my charge, I sprang forward, shaking off the detaining grasp on my arm, and seized Aunt Martha's precious treasure.

"Idiots! Fools!" I exclaimed, hotly. "Can't you see—"

My indignant glance rested at this juncture, not upon any blue-coated gendarme, but upon a brown-robed, slim girl who, flanked on either side by a half-grown lad, stood on the edge of the crowd of spectators. Her face was sweet and fresh as an English rose, and the lovely gray eyes which met mine as I stood, harassed, hunted, desperate, were so compassionate and sympathetic that, moved by something—I do not know what—"mysterious affinity," I suppose—I instinctively raised my hat.

The young lady colored deeply, and, pulling one of the lads forward with her, took a step nearer to me, and said, in a very trembling and timid voice:

"Can we explain anything for you? You cannot speak French perhaps; Charlie will."

But Charlie, whom she had evidently been holding by main force, would not. He "backed" contumaciously, and left her alone, covered with confusion.

"You are very good," I exclaimed, eagerly. "I shall be immensely obliged if you will tell these fellows that this box of mine, which seems to alarm them so much, contains nothing more formidable than an old clock."

She looked around despairingly for "Charlie;" but the boy had altogether deserted her. Then, as I could see, with a brave effort she rallied her courage and spoke some sentences in French to my persecutor. The man seemed to know her; he bowed politely, and listened attentively. The hand which held her sunshade trembled perceptibly, and the color came and went in her cheeks—such an exquisite color, too!—yet she held on bravely. I was a brute, I thought, with sudden

compunction for having drawn her into this trying position; but what could I do? It was too late now.

The official eyed me keenly.

"*Ouvrez!*" he exclaimed, indicating with a dramatic gesture the unlucky cause of all my troubles.

"Would you mind—that is," stammered my interpreter, "he asks you to open the box. It is necessary, you know. Everything is opened now at the Custom House here."

"I have not the faintest objection," I answered, producing the key at once. "If we had only arrived at this understanding sooner it would have saved a great deal of trouble. I am more obliged to you than I can say, and I must apologize very sincerely for the trouble I have given you."

She murmured some inarticulate words, as she retreated hurriedly, and disappeared—after the recreant Charlie, no doubt, in the crowd.

The band of officials still held aloof suspiciously as I advanced to the prostrate object of their horror and produced the contents for their inspection; then a peal of irrepressible laughter—in which I joined heartily, in spite of myself—echoed along the pier. The individual in command raised his hat with what I understood to be a polite apology, a dozen officious hands were extended to relieve me of my burden, and I proceeded, in what was now changed to a sort of triumphal progress, toward the nearest cab-stand.

Now, too, that my need was over, interpreters appeared to be plentiful enough. I was speedily set on my way to the English Consul, from whom I soon learnt the address of Mrs. John Mortimer, the aunt with whom Miss Mortimer resided. I was determined to rid myself at once of my compromising charge, and so drove straightway to the abode of the Mortimers. It was, according to the French fashion, a flat, or suite of apartments, in the market-place of the quaint little town. A jeweler's shop was on the ground floor, and I was directed to the first floor for "Madame Mortimer." I had previously observed from the street that the windows above the shop were filled with flowers and stood out gayly from their somewhat dingy surroundings.

A trim, white-capped maid, who restored my self-esteem by responding immediately to my necessarily brief inquiry—in French—for "madame," answered the little bell which I found at a door on the first floor, and ushered me into a *salon* bright with gilding and sweet with flower-scents. A ladylike, graceful woman came forward to receive me, and, after my few words of explanation, called softly through a door—one of several which I had thought led into cupboards:

"Phyllis, come here, dear!"

There was a little rustle of feminine garments, a quiet footstep, and my interpreter of the pier stood before me.

Then there was, after all, something in 'mysterious affinity!'

\* \* \* \* \*

"LONDON, March 21<sup>h</sup>, 18—.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW:—It is now a fortnight since you left here, and I have had nothing more from you than the very short note in which you announced your arrival at Calais with the clock, and told me that you had succeeded in finding Phyllis Mortimer. I have been looking for the longer letter you promised me, and I am beginning to fear that you have been taken ill, and are laid up in a foreign country, with only a French doctor and I the cause. Do, my dear boy, write, if only a line, to relieve my anxiety! Morice came round yesterday to ask if we had heard from you; so you have not written to him either, it seems. The gales have been very heavy, and perhaps they have prevented your crossing the Channel. Anyhow, write at once: and, if you are well and enjoying yourself, do not hurry home. I have been keeping well and quite free from my attacks. Accept my best love and believe me, my dear Herbert.

"Your very affectionate aunt,

"MARTHA OVERTON.

"P. S.—Has Phyllis Mortimer taken kindly to the clock, and what is she like?"

This was the epistle which reached me and overwhelmed me with remorse just as I was leaving my hotel one evening, exactly fifteen days after my arrival at Calais, to pay my usual visit to the flower-scented *salon* in the market-place.

"I must write to the dear old soul to-night," I said to myself, as I thrust the letter into my pocket; "and I suppose I must clear out of this," I added, moodily, as I turned down the narrow street leading to the *place*. "It isn't half a bad place, after all; the pier is jolly on moonlit nights, and the air, when it is not fishy, is fresher than that of London by a long way, and—and this little square is quite picturesque, with its lights and its old tower—and—and"—glancing up at the windows over the jeweler's shop—"I shall be quite sorry to leave it all; and perhaps, if—"

I did not finish the sentence, but ran lightly up the uncarpeted wooden stairs and rang the little bell which belonged to the Mortimer's apartments. Sophie smiled a welcome, according to her wont, and, in answer to my stereotyped inquiry for Madame Mortimer, poured forth a voluble and utterly mysterious tirade.

I had, I flattered myself, improved greatly in my French during the past fortnight. I could now understand my own questions, and also the answers, when they took the line I expected. Any

divergence, however, was apt to puzzle me, and so I failed, in this instance, to catch the drift of Sophie's peroration, and walked past her with a smiling nod, intended to convey intelligence, into the *salon*.

It was lighted more dimly than usual; only a shaded lamp stood on the white porcelain stove, which, as the evening was warm, was not lighted; the three windows were all open, and the soft breeze came in laden with the scent of heliotrope and mignonette, while the light in the square below shone with a pleasant, subdued reflection.

At first I thought, with a chill sense of disappointment, that the room was empty; but, as my eyes grew accustomed to the dimness, I discerned the glimmer of a white dress near the window, and then, as it floated toward me, a voice, which made my pulses throb in an utterly unprecedented manner, said, softly:

"Mr. Overton! I— My aunt— Did not Sophie tell you that they are all out? Charlie and Ned wanted to go to the theatre, and Aunt Lucy has taken them. I am so sorry! I told Sophie to say so to any visitor."

"Sophie obeyed orders," I answered; "but unfortunately, cousin, I still require an interpreter."

She laughed a little, low laugh, which I had learnt in the short fortnight to think the sweetest music I had ever heard.

"It is my misfortune, not my fault," I went on. "And I think, even if Sophie's meaning had been plain, I would still—on the strength of my relationship, you know—have persisted in trying to gain an entrance to night; for I was very anxious to see you. I have received a summons home. I must go back to England to-morrow."

I played my trump card boldly on the inspiration of the moment, and, my eyes being now accustomed to the light, I saw that Phyllis turned pale and caught at the back of the velvet-covered chair near her.

"Phyllis, my darling," I exclaimed, seizing her little trembling hands in an instant, "I cannot go without telling you that I love you. Can you—will you—give me a little love in return?"

I do not know to this day what she said—I do not believe she said anything; but her little head sank down upon my shoulder as I bent over her, and, when my arm stole round her waist, she did not repulse me.

\* \* \* \* \*

"When did you first begin to think about it?" whispered Phyllis, shyly, an hour later.

"When?" I laughed. "I really cannot tell. I believe it was when you stood forward so pluckily that morning on the pier and saved Aunt Martha's clock from being pitched into the harbor. That blessed clock! I owe to it the happiness of my life."



"The dear old clock!" exclaimed Phyllis. "We will never part with it, will we? I shall always love that clock."

She hastened away when Mrs. Mortimer, followed by her boys, came tramping up the staircase, and I was left to confront the hostess alone.

"You here, Mr. Overton!" cried Mrs. Mortimer, in surprise, looking round for Phyllis.

"Yes," I answered, coolly; "I was waiting for you, Mrs. Mortimer. I have been waiting a long while."

"Alone and in this half-light?" she exclaimed, as she turned up the duplex burner.

The boys, hungry after their entertainment, had retired unceremoniously to the dining-room.

"No, I have not been alone," I replied; "Phyllis has been with me."

She looked up quickly.

"Phyllis has promised to be my wife, Mrs. Mortimer; will you give her to me?"

"Indeed I will," she answered, with tears in her eyes. "We have known you only a short time; but I have heard of you often, and I know that I can trust the dear girl to you. You have gained a treasure, Mr. Overton, and I congratulate you with all my heart; but I don't know what we are to do without her—I and the boys—she has been the sunshine of our home."

"And you have been a mother to her," I said, gratefully. "She has told me all you have done for her."

Phyllis came down, when the boys had gone to bed, to say good-night—which I need hardly say was not good-bye—and then I went home and wrote to Aunt Martha as follows:

"DEAR AUNT MARTHA:—I am quite well and propose staying another week at Calais, unless you want me very badly. And I have altered my mind about the clock; I am going to undertake the charge of it, and of something else, too—of my Cousin Phyllis! Phyllis declares she will never part with the clock, and I declare I will never part with her; so, as the two must go together, what can I do?"

"Seriously, my dearest aunt, wish me joy. I have won the dearest, sweetest, little girl for my wife—as you will say when you see her. And I owe my treasure to you. Yes, you have crowned all your other goodness to me by this last gift; for it certainly comes from you. As for that dear old clock, it shall have the place of honor in our home—Phyllis's and mine; so we have both agreed."

"My darling is longing to know you, and loves you already. We are to be married in June, and Mrs. Mortimer has promised to bring Phyllis to England for the wedding, in order—as I knew you would never cross the Channel—that you may be present; we could not do without you on that

occasion. Phyllis joins me in much love. Send us your blessing and believe always in the grateful love of

"Your affectionate nephew,

"HERBERT OVERTON.

"N. B.—Phyllis has the Overton nose."

\* \* \* \* \*

Five years later. My aunt is alive and well. She confided to me, about six months after my marriage, her suspicions that the heart-spasms were "nothing but indigestion," and a consultation with a specialist proved that she was right. I believe that my wife was responsible for the suggestion, which has renewed dear old Aunt Martha's youth and given her a new lease of life.

The clock stands on a handsome bracket in our hall. Aunt Martha has considerably refused to take back her gift, declaring that, as she is an almost daily visitor to our house, the treasured relic is as much her own as ever.

THE BEST THINKER.—A man can no more hold himself entirely aloof from the thoughts of others than from the sunlight and air around him; both will influence and form him, whether he desire it or not. Of course, he can shut himself away from a large measure of either, and grow pale and weak, bodily and mentally, in consequence; but that will not make what little power is left him more entirely his own. The best thinker is he who gladly welcomes every aid, who is hospitable to every thought, who weighs every opinion, respects every honest conviction, and thankfully adopts such ideas as approve themselves to his judgment, yet at the same time so works over all he receives in the crucible of his own mind that the gold is purified and the dross expelled. When he gives it to others by lip or pen, it is not less, but more his very own than if he had not enriched his mind from so many sources.

TOO MUCH AT HOME.—Men are wise in getting away from their own roof-trees during a certain portion of each day. Among wives will be found a very general consensus of opinion to this effect. There will be found everywhere a disposition to pack off the men in the morning, and to bid them keep out of the way till toward evening, when it is assumed that they will probably have a little news of the busy world to bring home, and when baby will be sure to have said something exceptionally brilliant and precocious. The general events of the day will afford topics of conversation more interesting by far than if the whole household had been together from morning till night. A very little inquiry, too, will elicit the fact that men about the house all day are eminently apt to be fidgety and grumpy and interfering—in short, altogether objectionable.



## A MORNING JOURNEY.

NOT long ago I was out at the "the hour before the dawning, between the night and morning," and the wondrous beauty of the scene impressed me deeply. The sky was very clear, and the stars shone out from the soft depths of blue with great brilliancy, the crescent moon hung low in the west, while over all the shadowy landscape brooded the deep peace and quiet which marks the last hour of the night.

As I stood in rapt awe and wonder all alone in a world of beauty, sounds which yet were scarcely sounds came to my listening ears—the "music in stillness" which comes to me always when I am alone in such a scene—and my heart uprose in solemn gladness. The very portal of heaven it seemed to me, and why might I not hear the heavenly melodies coming through the "gates ajar" as the angelic ones go to and fro on their endless missions of love and mercy? Why not hear the morning stars singing together as in Creation's fresh morn? The two worlds seem in such accord at this hour that I can never doubt but, at any moment, the "sweet parting of a cloud may bring us there to be." I think, too, the heavenly "manna" comes then to earth's wanderers if only our eyes are "holden" that we may find it and gather it up for the need of the day. "Joy cometh with the morning" still, and it is only when we will not, when we are too weak to lift up our eyes, that we miss the blessing sent us.

How long I stood under this holy ministry I do not know, but just as I turned to go back to the house the first faint bird-song came up out of the valley—the bridal song of the night and morning. It woke the echoes of memory and brought vividly before me a morning in my girlhood which I can never forget.

I had been down to the "Normal" enjoying the commencement exercises with a dear elder sister, and now we were going home. First there was the long ride on the cars. I remember yet how strange it seemed to me, an unsophisticated country girl unused to "riding on the rail," when night came to lie down in the narrow berth of the "sleeper," hearing the muffled sound of the great wheels and thinking how every turn brought us nearer home. It was three o'clock in the morning when at last we steamed into the depot and were met and lovingly greeted by one of the noble brothers whom God has taken. Then came the usual bustle over trunks and boxes, and when all was ready we started out for home, twenty-four miles away. It was just such a still, midsummer morning as the one of which I have been telling, only that a few light clouds were floating along the eastern horizon. At first we were very busy talking, telling all the little bits of news, asking eagerly of the home folks and all that had

been done while we were away, telling of the city from which we came, of the noise and dust and heat, and how we had longed for the home amid the hills—the grand old Chautauqua hills—than which none can ever seem half so fair, for what is it the poet says about

"The hills our childish feet have trod"?

The brother—

"A farmer's son,  
Proud of field-lure and harvest craft,  
And feeling all their fine possibilities,"

told us of the haying just begun; we thought of rides on the loaded ricks, of the grain already ripening, the meadow brook where the shy trout hid, and oh! so many things that we were glad to hear. And all the time we were riding on and on over the long hills and across the narrow valleys, through leafy woods filled with rich perfumes, along wide meadows where the sweet clover blossomed, and but for the sound of our voices and the rattle of the wagon all was still around us. It seemed so strange to be riding on and no life showing anywhere—we only awake in a world of night and sleep. We passed so many houses that were dark and still, but in one a light burned low, and half unconsciously we talked lower as we felt with sudden pity, "Some one must be sick there." The hills stood out in dim, shadowy outlines at first, but after we had gone on a few miles the dawn began to break. We felt the holy hush of the hour, and all grew quiet as we watched the stars fading out one by one. The east flushed rosy red, the hills put on the purple robes of morning, and the birds sang from woods and fields glad greeting to the new-born day. We saw the first smoke from household altars curling upward, taking on beautiful colors as the sunbeams touched it, then floating off into the distance like a vanishing dream. The busy farmer-folk began to come out with their milk-pails and rakes, and often they gave us a cheery "good-morning" as we passed them by. On and on we went, now slowly as we climbed some long hill and down on the other side, now faster as we crossed the lowland, bathed in the fresh

"air of hills and forests,  
The sweet aroma of birch and pine,"

while around us the very hills seemed to "give thanks," and all the meadow brooks broke "into jubilant waves of song." Oh! it was beautiful! beautiful to be going home through all this rare sweetness of sight and sound! What wonder that we caught the inspiration of the moment and let our young hearts "break forth into singing"? It was "Going Home" we sang, and if the tune was not always just right and the words were sometimes sadly mixed, what did it matter? We were not particularly "gifted in song," but we were gifted in love of home and beauty, gifted in

youth and gladness, and why should we not sing as well as we could?

Now we were nearing home—the last hill-top was reached; we could recognize the houses we passed and familiar faces smiled at us. We passed the school-house where we had faithfully conned our "a-b-abs" in childhood days; then there was the orchard and the big barn—brimful of memories of "hide and seek" and merry hours in the "big bay" on the hay; there was the house looking out from the shade of its maples and willows, and oh! there was mother on the porch, with father and all the others, waiting to welcome us! It was a glad home-coming, fit ending to our happy ride.

And what is life but a morning journey? Not always full of pleasure, like this one; for often the hills are long and rugged, and we toil over them foot-sore and weary, longing for rest, but finding little, too intent on "getting on" to notice the flowers and the sunbeams which else might cheer us; too busy with our "cumbering cares" to return the friendly greetings sent out to us, and when we reach the peaceful valleys, instead of letting ourselves become rested and refreshed by what we find there, we look dreadfully forward to the next hill, and so vex and weaken ourselves needlessly with borrowed troubles. Not all do this. There are some wise and loving ones who go the whole journey of life, "as seeing Him who is invisible," and though the storms and darkness come to them, as they must needs come to us all, or how shall we know our strength?—they go on without fear or shrinking, knowing who leads the way. They hear the sweet sounds of life; they see the stars set in un fading beauty above them; they cull the fragrant flowers, and, whether upon hilltop or in the valley, they hear the lapsing of the still waters of peace. Messages from home and loved ones come to them as they journey, making their hands strong to do the work of the Father, and their feet swift to run upon His errands of love and good will. By and by they reach the journey's end, and who shall tell of what awaits them when the pearly gates are opened? of the friends gathered to meet them there and the joyful reunions? Do they mind that the way of life here was long and toilsome then? Do they not rather bless God for everything, so that it brought them to Heaven and home at last?

I think so often in these days of the dear old Editor, who in the early spring time went from his work here to the still more glorious work beyond. I try to picture what his entrance there must have been like—how the many whose lives he had blessed on earth, those who, by the earnest, soul-stirring words of his pen, the beautiful law of love and pardon he ever taught, had been raised from the "Slough of Despond" and

drunkenness to hope and temperance; those to whom his words had come as the sword of the Liberator, when their souls were in dark prison pens of crime and misery; those who, forgetful of manhood and of all that makes life precious, had groveled in the dust like brutes, and yet been lifted up by his strong hand of truth and led on until from the brotherly love they learned of the love of the Father and planted their feet squarely upon the Rock; the drunkards he, under God, reformed; the careless wives and mothers to whom he taught better, higher things, and thus helped them to become true helpmeets, and make their home such from which no man could easily go astray—the men, women, and children whose lives were made purer and stronger by his teachings, and who have passed from this life blessing him as their best earthly friend—I think of all these, and try to picture what it must have been like when they knew that he had come and crowded around to give him welcome! Human language is too weak to tell of such a scene. We can only feel sure his entrance must have been full of joy and blessedness and his reward "exceeding great." His life was long and filled to overflowing with good deeds. His love and faith seemed broad as the need of humanity. No one could know him, either through his pen or personally, without feeling this, and knowing that while in ringing tones he condemned the sin, his heart was full of love and pity for the sinner. As but few do, he seemed to feel the universal brotherhood of man, and his strong hand was ever reaching out to help his fellow-traveler up the steep incline of life.

Knowing of this, we can none of us be surprised to read that, when he knew the end was near, he made all his preparations as calmly and fearlessly "as though but setting out for a journey to a distant country," and had never a thought of fear or anxiety for himself. Why should he have? To one who takes the Golden Rule as his guide and seeks to live it out in his daily intercourse with others there is no death—only a glad going home, a sweet rest after the toil and strife! a joyous living on forever with all to gain and nothing to lose! Truly "his good works do follow him." We who are left to cherish his memory can do it in no way half so well as by going on with the work he was doing, and living by the light of truth and love as he did. For us, as for him, life is but a morning journey, and then the unending day of life eternal. Oh! let us fill it with worthy work.

EARNEST.

COARSENESS in nursing is almost a crime; every duty should be done delicately and lovingly. The presence of heavy-headed and heavy-footed people with hard hands and harsh voices in a sick-room is one of the saddest mistakes.

## HOW TO DRESS BECOMINGLY.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

## PICTURESQUE AND BECOMING.

FULL dress is to many the most trying of all costumes. Young and pretty people are sure to look well in it, and those who will "bear a good deal of dress," but others appear to greater advantage in more quiet attire. The trouble is, that so little individuality is indulged in for fear of appearing marked, although things are not quite so bad as they were in Goldsmith's time, when he wrote:

"The Mall, the gardens, and the play-houses are filled with ladies in uniform, and their whole appearance shows as little variety of taste as if their clothes were bespoke by the colonel of a marching regiment or fancied by the same artist who dresses the three battalions of guards."

It is quite possible, however, to overdo the matter in the way of originality; and a Paris letter described a decidedly queer dress worn by a foreign duchess that was supposed to represent the bird of wisdom. The dress, in the darkest shade of blue satin, was trimmed with grayish, fawn-colored feathers, the hue of the owl—the front of the dress being covered with fringes in feathers. The head of an owl, with diamond eyes, was displayed in the middle of the lady's chest, and another night-bird ornamented her hair.

The good effect of evening dress depends largely on the surroundings, some rooms being more becoming to some people and some dresses than to others. The present style of dark walls is more becoming than the old-style white ones—a background of dead white having a ruinous effect upon white dresses and most complexions. For the same reason, masses of snow lying about are extremely trying, its pure white whiteness giving a yellowish tinge to the fairest skin.

An excellent authority on the subject says: "There can be no doubt that people look different in different rooms. A pale person in a pale room is obliterated, whereas in a deep or richly colored room the paleness might become enhanced and beautified. A person of high color in a room the colors of which do not properly contrast with her own is lost and wasted, while with different surroundings her color may be improved and softened. There are people who look vulgar in one place and refined in another, so great is the effect of surroundings on the appearance."

In accepting an evening invitation it is well for those who desire to lose no portion of their attractiveness to ascertain the color of walls and draperies with which they will be brought in contact. If dark hues prevail, white, or very light colors, may be worn to advantage; but if hemmed in by artificial banks of snow, it will be better to appear in black or very deep hues. This question is sometimes very carefully studied; and a character in some novel, who, in spite of her helplessness from an injured spine, was a belle and a beauty, always sent beforehand, on accepting an evening invitation, to view the land and ascertain on which

side of the room her sofa (for she must have one to herself) was placed. The reason given for this was, that *she wore her handsomest bracelets on her outside arm.*

A color for an evening dress should always be tried by artificial light *in the goods itself*; for material will often undergo as great a change by gas-light as color, and not always into something rich and rare. If this precaution is not taken there will be danger of serious disappointment; but having once settled upon it and made the purchase, it is better not to compare other things and wonder if they would not have been more desirable.

A family group or a party of friends going out together should select their dresses to make a harmonious whole, instead of having one spoil the effect of another, as is too often the case. Thus, if one of the party is wearing blue, another one should not appear in lilac; if a third wears pink, let the fourth eschew yellow. Such a group would be enough to spoil the entire appearance of a room.

Although it is better to be underdressed than overdressed, it must be remembered that the look of perfect simplicity and harmony which pervades some costumes is often the result of the most perfect art. No style is so difficult to attempt if one has not the gift by nature, and it should never be undertaken with the idea that it is easy of accomplishment.

"Artistic" dressing, of which so much has been said, seems to mean the use of those forms and colors which best suit the person when viewed in the light of a picture. But these cannot always be carried out, because pictures stay in their frames, while people do not. It is said that a certain class, whose talk is all of "Art," spelled with a capital A, invariably ask of a dress, "Will it paint well?" as the thrifty matron of old asked, "Will it wash?" A dress, however, might paint well that would look utterly absurd to be walking about in; and the happy mean to aim at is to unite the picturesque with the practical in such a degree as to suit the ordinary purposes of nineteenth-century life.

There is always a certain stiffness and conventionality about dress on our side of the globe from which the easy, graceful Orientals are entirely free. They can make pictures of themselves, and yet manage to attend to their every-day affairs as well. The "Princesse" dress, when not too tight in the skirt, is perhaps our nearest approach to grace and simplicity of outline, and when well made and well worn it pleases the artistic sense far better than double skirts and basques.

The most favorable occasions for picturesque costume are the out-door parties known as picnics, *fêtes champêtres*, lawn-tennis parties, etc., the freedom and variety allowed on these occasions sometimes producing the happiest combination. A fresh, pretty, graceful-looking girl, in a dress of white organdy, unornamented except by the white satin waist-ribbon and a cluster of pink roses at the throat, a Rubens hat with long, white ostrich plumes, and perfectly fitting boots and

gloves, seemed to brighten the whole car into which she stepped one warm summer afternoon to ride to a station below where she was going to play lawn-tennis. Her dress was simple enough, but it was pure and perfect as a white rose.

With another young lady at a *fête champêtre*, the red (or rather pink) rose of Lancaster bloomed in her cheeks, twined around her hat, lent its color to her dress, formed the rosettes on her slippers, and ran riot over her fan.

## Religious Reading.

### SILVER LININGS.

THE bright June morning was cool and refreshing after a heavy rain the previous night. The air was filled with the music of bird-songs; the lilies lifted their white cups, in which crystal drops were shining, and the grass sparkled with heavy moisture.

What a contrast to the scene of the past evening, when dark clouds lowered and trees bent beneath the fierce wind, while the drenched flowers laid low their tearful faces.

It was just the morning for starting out upon a couple of visits that were to be made to friends over whose lives dark clouds had spread their pall, and as I walked along I wished that a ray of this outside brightness might be reflected into their hearts.

I first went to the dwelling of one who a few months ago had lost a little daughter, a lovely child of six summers, and the bereaved mother seemed utterly bowed down with grief. In the first poignancy of her sorrow she was even rebellious, saying that it seemed hard and cruel that the Lord should take her "one little ewe lamb," when others had so many and could so much better spare one than she. Time was soothing this feeling somewhat and making her more submissive; yet her face was almost always sad or tearful, and it was a gloomy home to which her husband came each evening.

But to-day, as I entered her room, she looked up with a gentle smile, so like her old-time one that my heart thrilled with pleased surprise.

We talked cheerfully for awhile on desultory topics, for I was anxious to keep her thoughts off the usually all-engrossing subject, but at length she said:

"I had such a strange and beautiful dream last night that I must tell you about it. I seemed to be walking through such a beautiful country, with lovely flowers on every hand and green trees and running brooks by the roadside. It seemed such a Paradise to my eager eyes that the thought arose—Oh! if I could only live here, with all my dear ones around me, how delightful it would be. The loss of my little Alice followed me in the dream as in waking hours.

"Presently I came to a large, shady grove, where a number of children were playing, and on a grassy knoll near by were my own two darlings—the little girl I lost four years ago and Alice. Mary, who was the eldest by three years, was standing beside her sister with one arm around her, and the other hand was fitting a wreath of flowers on her head. You can imagine with what delight I clasped them in my arms and felt their fond kisses on my lips once more. Holding Alice thus closely, I thought: 'I will never let her go again,

to be taken from me, perhaps, as before.' But just then Mary said, 'O mamma! I am so glad you let Alice come to stay with me. I was lonely before without any of you, but now we play so nicely together and are so happy. You will let her stay with me always, won't you?'

"My first impulse was to say, 'Oh! no; I want her myself; besides, she has no mother here to take care of her and must need me.' But the selfish thought was controlled, and just then I saw some gentle, lovely looking beings moving about among the children at a short distance from us. 'Who are those?' I asked. 'They are the angels who take care of us,' replied Mary; 'they are so good and kind and love us dearly and never let anything hurt or frighten us.'

"Then I understood that we were in the Heavenly Land and my little ones were in the care of those of whom Jesus spoke those reassuring words: 'I say unto you that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven.'

"My feelings seemed to undergo a rapid revolution. If they were happy here, in such guardianship that no harm could come near them, and contented in each other's love, did I wish to deprive my darlings of anything that would be for their highest good? No! since I had seen how well it was with them, I would try to bear more willingly the separation and think of their good as the chief consideration. The sweetest music now stole over my senses, sounding from afar. The children commenced moving away in the direction from which it came, and slowly I awoke.

"At first I could only weep with keen regret that the blest vision was gone, but soon as the full significance of the dream came to me it brought a comfort I have never felt before. All through the morning, the thought of my two children, as I saw them together, and Mary, happier in the companionship of the sister whom she had already learned to love dearly before her little life on earth ended, has been a sweet and consoling one. I fear I have been too selfishly thinking only of my own deprivation and sorrow. I know that I have made a sad, dreary home for Edward all these last months, when he needed cheering and consoling, and has been so gentle and patient, but I never thought about it until to-day, when everything seems set before me in a clearer light. Hereafter I shall strive to be more cheerful—a better wife and a better, more submissive child to my Heavenly Father, who is giving such blessings to my loved ones. I know my heart will still ache with loneliness often, but I shall never be rebellious or wish them back, as I did before. I believe this beautiful dream was sent to show me how I was doing and bring me to a right frame of mind."

A new light shone in her face as she talked, and I could not keep back the tears of sympathy,



and also of joy, that my friend was restored to her former self and could see both her sorrows and blessings in a true light.

The "silver lining" was at last appearing on the edges of the dark cloud that had so long hung over her.

"What a precious thought it is," she said presently, "that the angels who have care of the little children are always so near the Lord."

"Yes," I replied, "that passage in the Bible has long been one that my mind loves to dwell upon, and I always think of it when any little child that I am interested in goes to the other world. Yet I have heard people say they never thought of its meaning angels who took care of children. They did not seem to think there were any such good offices to be performed."

"I do not see what else it could mean," said Laura. "It seems very clear—as if they belonged to, or were set apart especially for them. And I believe it is so. I suppose the true sense of the words, 'Do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven,' is that they are ever receiving knowledge from Him for their high and sacred work, so that it is like living in His presence constantly. How pure and holy they must be to have such a mission intrusted to them, and how comforting it ought to be to every mother who has little ones there to believe that they are under such tender, loving guardianship, continually learning heavenly goodness and truth."

It was with reluctance that I at length took leave of this friend and went on my way to the home of a poor woman whose case was one of real distress. The death of her husband a year ago left her with only a little son eleven years of age to help her struggle against poverty. With what work he could obtain in addition to her own, they lived comfortably, until during the latter part of the winter her son, through thoughtless exposure, contracted such a severe attack of rheumatism that it left him crippled in one of his limbs, and now, after months of treatment, he was only able to walk around the house on crutches. The mother had never been a religious woman, and without the sustaining power of a trust in Providence she was bitter and desponding in her troubles. When friends tried to turn her thoughts to a higher source of help and comfort she would say, "Don't talk to me of God's Providence and mercy. If He sends these trials on us, as some have told me was the case, I should think Him anything but a kind Father, and could not love Him. But I do not suppose He takes any notice of our sorrows or worries after He has made us."

So she had to suffer on alone, with no help in bearing her burdens. I felt such genuine pity for her that I went when possible to see how she was getting along, always praying and hoping that the light might soon come to her darkened spirit, as I believed it would in time, but seldom venturing to say more than a word or two occasionally to lead her thoughts toward the true way if so it might be.

I took books and pictures to the lame boy, for whom I felt much sympathy, and flowers to his little sister, and threw what work I could into the mother's way. But that was all I could do. She was mortified with her poverty, thought it hard and unjust that she should have so little and some others around her so much, and would not go out

among her neighbors except when stern necessity obliged her to for procuring work.

Having heard just a few days before that she was sick, I had brought with me this morning a little dish of something which I hoped would tempt her appetite, and resolved to try if under the softening influence of illness and dependence on others she could be brought at last to see in some measure the greater comfort of depending on Him who could do so much more for her than any earthly friend.

But on reaching her door she met me, looking well again and with such a bright face that I exclaimed:

"Why! you must be much better than I expected to find you."

"Yes, indeed! I am better in every way," she replied. "Come and let me tell you about it;" and she drew me into her tidy little bed-room. "I feel ashamed to tell you some of it, since seeing at last how wicked I've been, but I want you to know right away about the good that has come to me. No one knows how I have suffered ever since Robbie first grew very sick, and I felt so afflicted and tried. I didn't suppose the Lord noticed or cared anything about it. I was never taught when young to think much about such things or put any especial trust in Him, and now I felt so alone and desolate. I read something, however, on that very subject in one of the books you brought us a short time ago, which set me thinking, and last week when I was sick the minister of your church came to see me. He said he was visiting one of his flock near by, and hearing that I was ill called in to see how I was. I did not want to see him at all, and at first was only polite, but he was so kind and pleasant I could not help liking him directly in spite of myself, and before I knew it was telling him my troubles and trials as if he was an old friend.

"And then—but oh! I can't begin to tell you how beautifully he did talk about the Lord and His ways—His pity and love for the least of His creatures—and in such a quietly confident manner that I could hardly help believing it all right at once. He made me see that although He might notice and watch over all our affairs, He was not hard or unjust at all; that He did not send the sicknesses which attacked my husband and son, for they were just the natural consequences of something they had done that was wrong. But he said that through these troubles, which it was not right for Him to prevent by force, He was trying to draw us to Him and was ready to help us whenever we would come.

"The next day he sent me such a good little book, with just the things I needed in it, about God's providences and the sympathy of Christ and His patient love and waiting. I never would read such things before; I thought religious books were so dry; but now I have some of these little pages almost by heart, and they give me such comfort that I feel what they teach must be true, and am so much happier than I have been for a long time.

"I could not talk of all these things even to you if it was not that my heart is so full of it I cannot help it. Oh! if I had only known and understood the Lord better before! When I think of what I've missed all these years in not having Him to go to in my trials and difficulties,



I feel bad enough. I have deserved to suffer, though, for it was my own fault, and it is very merciful in Him to forgive and make me feel as happy as I do already."

"The Lord is gracious and merciful, long suffering and of great goodness," I repeated, softly.

"Yes, indeed! I can feel that now," she said. "I am sure He must have put it into the heart of the minister to tell Dr. Manford all about Robbie's case—you know he has lately come home from New York—and he came yesterday to see him and thinks it very likely he can cure this lameness. And if he succeeds I am to pay him in work a little at a time, just as I can conveniently. Oh! I shall be so thankful and glad to do anything I can for it. I don't mind being poor

any longer," she added, following me to the gate as I was leaving, after expressing the sympathy and gladness I felt and encouraging her all that I could. "It doesn't hurt me now that I have this place of comfort and help to go to. I can work with so much more heart, and as long as the Lord gives me strength I'll manage to make a comfortable living for the two children and myself, even if Rob does not get well."

She, too, has found the "silver lining" to her cloud, I thought to myself as I walked slowly homeward, reflecting on all I had seen and heard during the morning, thankful that it had been put into my mind to go that day where I would see all these evidences of the Father's loving dealings with His children.

LICHEN.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### CHOOSING A KING.

ABOUT two years ago a little boy, four or five years old, was chosen ruler over a rich and beautiful country and four hundred millions of subjects. His predecessor had died when only nine years old, and almost all of the rulers before him had been chosen to reign when very little children. The cause of this custom is so curious that I think my child-readers will like to hear all about this far-off country and its little king.

Once, very, very long ago—six centuries before Christ—there was a king in India whose son thought continually of the poor people under his care, of their troubles and ignorance, and the scorn with which they were treated by the rich and proud. So tender was his love and sympathy that at last he could no longer bear the thought of being far away from them, and left the rich and splendid palace of his father and lived among the poor and desolate, comforting and teaching them both by beautiful words and a pure and lovely life. After his death the poor people adored him as a god, and he was called *Buddha*, or Teacher, and finally many wonderful stories about his great love and power were told and believed by those who revered his memory.

It is said that once crowds of the rich and powerful came to bring gifts to the Divine Teacher, of gold, spices, and rare jewels. The bowl in which they cast their offerings was still, however, far from being full, when a poor, despised outcast from the fields came like a shadow timidly through the richly dressed worshipers and threw into the bowl a cluster of fresh wildflowers, the only gift, poor creature, she could bring and dare call her own to give. Suddenly the flowers bloomed forth with richer color and rarer fragrance, and the bowl was filled to the top.

Another time, they say, Buddha met in the dark and tangled thickets of the wood, where the sun's rays did not shine even at noontide, a famished tigress with her cubs almost dead for food. So full of pity was he for even this wild, fierce animal, because of its love for its little ones and their suffering, that he gave himself to be torn to pieces by them, and was immediately made whole and living again.

The priests of India, however, did not like the new religion of equality and brotherhood which Buddha taught, and after his death drove his followers away. These went from land to land, across rivers and mountains and deserts, telling of the love and kindness of their great teacher, until many countries received them. At last the King of Thibet became a follower of Buddha. He believed that the good Prince had reappeared on earth in the form of another man, a priest, to whom he gave a splendid palace in a great city and the title of *Dalai Lama*, or "he who resembles the ocean in greatness of mind." This ruler became, finally, the great ruler of all the Buddhists, and reigns in Thibet and is chosen by the priests from the little children kept in the convent. Although the first "Dalai-Lama" was chosen in 1193, about seven hundred years ago, it is supposed he is still reigning, having been born again and again, in all these centuries, as a little child.

This curious idea is believed to apply to the priests, too, and when one dies the others at once begin to watch the rainbow and to consult all signs that are known to them to learn where his soul has been born again. No matter how far off the land is or how beset the journey may be with robbers, wild beasts, or the dangers of hunger and thirst, the priests hasten with great joy thither to discover and bring back the holy child. There are often several of these children in the convent, and it is from these that the choice of a new Lama is made.

The priests are very careful to keep strangers away from their holy city, Lha-Ssa. If an Englishman tries to enter Thibet from India, the natives on the mountains will very readily undertake to guide him there, but very soon they will begin to relate stories of the dangers he will encounter and the hostility of the villages through which he must pass, to frighten him into going back. If he should persist in proceeding, they will run away and leave him, or they will get him fairly in the middle of one of those slender bridges, spanning fearful chasms, whose every breath of air causes to tremble and vibrate, and there will force him to vow that he will never again attempt to enter the Sacred Land before they allow him to reach the solid earth in safety. A gentleman once, well

learned in Eastern languages and customs, entered Thibet in the guise of a priest. But even then, although he was allowed to see the magnificent interiors of palace and library, he was never allowed to read any of these ancient scrolls or even examine them closely. Every step and movement was watched, and he soon found it wise to leave the city.

Thousands of pilgrims, however, continually visit Thibet from the East. After a tedious and weary journey through a desert and wild region, you come suddenly upon a lovely plain, populous and fertile, and well watered with a large river and many canals. Here and there among the shady groves are pleasant little farm-houses, with many-colored streamers, inscribed with the strange characters of the Thibetan language, flying from their towers. There is still a lofty and rugged mountain to ascend, but when one issues from the last defile he sees before him in all its glory the Sacred City and abode of the great King. It is very lofty in situation, and surrounded by immense and venerable trees, of hoary antiquity. Magnificent temples, with gilded roofs, shine in the sun, and hundreds of white houses, turreted and terraced, rise up from the broad, clean streets. The decorations of the houses are painted in those favorite colors of the East, red and yellow. If you remember, yellow is the especial color of the Chinese, and the Imperial edicts are written on yellow paper, with a bordering of queer-looking dragons with wings. One-quarter of this city is very curious in appearance indeed, for all the houses are built entirely of ox and rams' horns, twisted in and out in all sorts of grotesque shapes. In the northern part a rocky height, of a conical form and covered with exquisitely built temples, rises high toward the heavens. Passing from one beautiful and richly adorned court to another, all thronged with priests and pilgrims, you reach at last in the centre of all a grand pile of lofty columns of gold, bearing on their summits a majestic gilded dome. This is the home of the "Dalai-Lama," high above all shadows, glittering in sunlight and moonlight, the object of a thousand prayers to the innumerable dwellers below and in all far-off lands where the name of Buddha is held sacred.

About two years ago, in this splendid palace, the Lama, a little boy of nine, died, and it was necessary to choose a new ruler. "Prayers and fasts were ordered throughout all the convents; pilgrims flocked to the 'Divine Mountain and the City of Spirits'; every hand held a rosary, and on every side is heard the magic prayer, 'Oh! the jewel in the Lotus! Amen!'" This curious form of prayer seems at first to have no meaning at all, but it really does express an idea. The lotus-flower, of pure white or exquisitely colored leaves, rises above the mud and slime of the river, and lives floating on the surface of the waters. It is therefore thought by the Eastern people, who always like to express a thought by things they have seen and known, to resemble a pure and immortal soul, rising above the evils of earth. A jewel, because it flashes and shines with all the glory of light, is supposed by them to be like truth; and this strange prayer expresses a desire that immortal Truth may again be revealed to them in some spotless child.

While the people are continually repeating this

prayer, the priests consult their sacred books, and choose three little child-priests from the convents. They spend six days in fasting and prayer, and "on the seventh," says a modern writer, "they take a golden urn, holding three golden fish, on which are graven the names of the children. The urn is shaken, a fish drawn out, and the baby whose name is read becomes the living Buddha." They put him, however, to other tests. The robes and books of the dead Lama are put before the child, and he is asked when he wore this, or wore that, or from whom he received this gift.

You can imagine the grave little baby-face, with its rich, dark coloring, and bright eyes, as all these richly colored and glittering things are spread before him. After he answers these questions, a number of little bells are brought, and he is expected to choose the one he played with in his former life. Of course it is not among them, and the child cries, "Where is my own favorite bell?" Immediately all fall on their faces and worship him; the child is arrayed in great pomp, and carried through the streets in triumphant procession. The two rejected children are sent home with five hundred ounces of silver apiece.

We do not know much of the life of the little child afterward, but we will hope he is happy and at play, unconscious of any honors claimed, or of his power to raise the sacred banners and call millions of soldiers—a thunderous rush of armies—to his cause, from mountain and plain, across seas and deserts. As he is probably only five or six years old, he does not think much of such things, and without doubt the priests are willing to govern in his name, and use the vast revenues from his countless herds and temples and the gifts of the faithful.

On feast-days he sits, cross-legged and very still, on a pile of magnificent cushions placed over the altar. Like all Eastern babies, he can doubtless, without growing fretful and tired like our impatient children, watch for hours the brilliant scene and the crowds of worshippers. He does not speak to any one, but every movement of his tiny hands is believed to be bestowing a blessing. Sometimes he is allowed to throw down little balls of clay or paste—just as our laughing, crowing, restless American babies would enjoy doing—and the people gather them up and keep them as sacred. I am sure the little one must rejoice when the feast is over and he can return to the secret life of the inner temple, where he may again be joyous as a little child, and put aside his dazzling robe of state and heavy jewels for some simple play.

ELLA F. MOSBY.

### THE STORKS AND THE BABIES.

**H**AVE you heard of the Valley of Babyland,  
The realm where the dear little darlings  
stay,  
Till the kind storks go, as all men know,  
And oh! so tenderly bring them away?  
The paths are winding and past all finding  
By all save the storks, who understand  
The gates and the highways and the intricate  
byways  
That lead to Babyland.

All over the valley of Babyland  
Sweet flowers bloom in the soft, green moss,  
And under the blooms fair and under the leaves  
where

Lie little heads like spools of floss.  
With a soothing number, the river of slumber  
Flows o'er a bed of silver sand,  
And angels are keeping watch o'er the sleeping  
Babes of Babyland.

The path to the Valley of Babyland  
Only the kingly white storks know;  
If they fly over mountains or wade through foun-  
tains,

No man sees them come or go.  
But an angel, maybe, who guards some baby,  
Or a fairy, perhaps, with her magic wand,  
Brings them straightway to the wonderful gateway  
That leads to Babyland.

And there, in the Valley of Babyland,  
Under the mosses and leaves and ferns,  
Like an unfledged starling they find the darl-  
ing,

For whom the heart of a mother yearns.  
And they lift him lightly and tuck him tightly  
In feathers as soft as a lady's hand,  
And off with a rock-a-way step they walk away  
Out of Babyland.

As they go from the Valley of Babyland  
Forth into the world of the great unrest,  
Sometimes weeping he wakes from sleeping,  
Before he reaches his mother's breast,  
Ah, how she blesses him, how she caresses him!  
Bonniest bird in the bright home land,  
That o'er land and water the kind stork brought  
her  
From far-off Babyland.

## The Home Circle.

### "HE HATH BORNE OUR GRIEFS AND CARRIED OUR SORROWS."

IT was after Marian's baby had died, and she herself had fallen into the settled melancholy so much more dreadful to us than her first, uncontrollable grief that I took her one summer afternoon to see my friend, Mrs. Warriner. I was fain to use a little stratagem to accomplish my purpose, for Marian—poor child!—shrank so sensitively from the sight of strangers, and since all her previous visits to me had chanced to have been made when Mrs. Warriner was away, the two had never met each other.

So I persuaded her to go out with me for a little drive in the lovely weather. "Surely," I thought, "the very breath of this exquisite air must touch her with healing!" But the sad lines of her pale face, once so mobile in its young loveliness, scarcely changed at all as we rode on and on over the winding roads, through a country fragrant with wild roses and new-mown hay. She spoke but once, except to answer some questions of my own. It was when a bobolink, on a gray rock projecting above the meadow-grass, was like to burst his very heart with singing.

"The last time I took Flossie out-of-doors, before she was ill," she said, "a bird sang like that. She held out her little hands, and when it flew away she cried." But she neither smiled nor wept at the remembrance.

We stopped at last before a pleasant, old-fashioned country-house standing in the midst of a grove of great native trees, mostly elms, with their long, drooping branches making dark, cool spots of shade in the soft grass.

"Marian," I said, "this is my friend, Mrs. Warriner's house. I want to see her gardener about some fuchsias. You won't mind going in for a few minutes? I want to send the boy farther with the package for poor Mrs. Ransom."

Marian's lip quivered, and the color came into her face. I knew that she *did* mind, but I loved her well enough to be willing to seem cruel.

"I—I will go in!" she answered, with a visible effort.

I said that Marian had never seen Mrs. Warriner, and I had now purposely refrained from telling her anything of my friend. To have rehearsed the story of such sorrow and victory as hers would have been to forestall the very effect for which I hoped.

We walked slowly up the gravel path to the door, and the maid who answered our ring showed us into a broad room full of sunshine and color. There was a writing-table in one corner, with book-shelves within easy reach, a low chair and willow work stand in a cozy recess lined with pots of flowering plants, an old-fashioned piano, open, with one of Mendelssohn's delicious "Songs Without Words" on the music-rack. The whole room, though empty of human occupants at our entrance, seemed redolent of quiet activities, as if it somehow enshrined the soul of work.

I was very glad to see Marian glance around with an expression of faintly aroused interest, and at that moment Mrs. Warriner came in.

It is usually very hard to describe definitely to others those whom we have ourselves known long and familiarly. The small details of their personality have become, in a sense, absorbed into our own self-consciousness, and we no longer take note of the outward semblance.

Now, for a moment I stood as if looking at my old friend through Marian's eyes, and this is the picture I saw. A tall, gracious figure dressed in some soft, white, noiseless stuff; dark, abundant hair, a little streaked with silver and crowned by a widow's cap—the only hint of mourning anywhere; a face which could not be called sad or even worn, except for its excessive pallor, but which conveyed some indefinable expression of peace purchased at uttermost cost; deep, luminous eyes shining from within outward, and steady as lamps in a shrine.

She came to meet us, smiling, but as I pronounced Marian's name a wonderful, tender change passed over her face. She half extended her arms. Instantly, with a swift, involuntary

motion, Marian held out her own in return, and clung to her silently. Greatly moved, I turned away to the window, which commanded a noble view of the valley and purple hills beyond.

"It is even more beautiful from Helen's window," presently said Mrs. Warriner's voice at my side. "You will remember, but I should like your friend to see it."

We followed her across the apartment. She drew aside a crimson *portiere*, disclosing another room dainty with hangings of blue and white, and seeming, by all its belongings, to testify of the pure and delicate tastes of the one for whom it had been fitted. But the one thing which, to the exclusion of all others, compelled attention, was the portrait of a young girl. It rested upon an easel at the farthest end of the room, facing us as we entered. For a moment it seemed impossible to believe it only a picture—so radiantly beautiful was it, so utterly like life! A shower of golden-brown hair fell about the fair shoulders, the violet eyes smiled into our own, the red lips were parted as if with a welcome about to be spoken.

Marian caught her breath with a low exclamation of pleasure and turned to Mrs. Warriner with an unspoken question in her eyes.

"My daughter Helen," Mrs. Warriner answered the look. Her voice was soft as a caress.

"I never saw anybody so lovely!" cried Marian, while I could only gaze in amazed gratitude at this re-awakening of her old enthusiastic manner. "Is she at home? Can I see herself?"

I shall never forget the tone in which the mother answered—so far away, it seemed, so low and solemnly sweet:

"She is at home, but—not *here*!"

Then Marian knew. Once more, with that strange, swift step, she turned, and her head fell upon Mrs. Warriner's breast.

The elder lady drew her gently down upon a low window-seat, holding her silently while she sobbed as I had never seen her since the day when the baby's flower-like face was hidden away under the mold.

Gradually she grew still. At last she lifted her tear-stained face.

"Tell me! oh! tell me!" she entreated.

"There is not very much to tell," answered the low, untremulous voice; "yet a whole world of joy was shut into the short, bright seventeen years!"

"Her father fell at Shiloh. He did not suffer—my brave, young soldier-love! One moment he was leading the desperate charge, cheering his men up the long slope through the awful leaden rain—the next, his soul went to God in a chariot of fire!"

"She was just two weeks old then, my Helen! On his breast they found the letter I had written him, with the little, fair curl from the baby's head. She was altogether like him from the first. I felt that he could not be quite gone while I held her in my arms. I had a strange fancy that he looked at me through those grave, wondering, blue eyes.

"She grew and grew. Thus was the first unsteady step, the first prattled word—'Papa!'—just as I meant it should be, holding her before his picture and saying it to her over and over a hundred times!

"She was so sweet, so bright a sunbeam always! I cannot remember that she ever caused me a

moment's anxiety or pain. We understood each other without words. Her intellect brightened and expanded like a flower in the sunshine. Together we wandered through the fairy-land of books, knowing the rare joy of perfect harmony of taste and thought. I was startled, sometimes, at the maturity of her judgment. Her musical faculty was something marvelous. The subtlest harmonies lay within call of her slender fingers. If you could have heard her improvise, in the twilight, before the lamps were brought in! I listen even now, sometimes, of wakeful nights, for the phantoms of those melodies to wander back once more!

"God did not take her suddenly. He gave us time, that we might think about the separation—she and I; time to learn that it must surely come—to know that it was best! Then, she went."

"How did you bear it? Tell me?" There was a sharp thrill in Marian's voice, as if life or death hung upon the answer.

"My child! I did not bear it! I could not have lifted the thousandth part of that burden! So I did not even try?"

"What do you mean?"

"He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows!" she said. "I did not touch my load with so much as one of my fingers—I laid it all on Him! When I would wake in the dark night and miss her from my side, who had never once in all her life slept away from me, then He would come so near that I was as one *visiting* with Him! And in a long illness that came to me, when for weeks and weeks together I was too weak even to pray, and could scarcely put two words together in my thought, I yet lay all the time as if in His visible presence, my consciousness of Him like the reflected rays of the sun's image in a still lake.

"After a time He showed me many mysteries. Not at first—I could not have understood, then! Some of them are such as no soul can tell to another, for they belong to the 'secrets of His presence.' It was so wonderful that such a pure and beautiful spirit should have been trusted to me—that I should have been thought worthy to be Helen's mother! And then her marvelous good fortune! if I may use a poor word, because there is no right one for my meaning! Never to have known sorrow! Never to have grown weary or old! Never to have seen the death of hope or the change of love!

"I have nothing to fear any more. Whatsoever grief in this world could possibly come to me now, would be so small in comparison with what has been! Will not He who bore for me the greatest, lift the least?"

There was silence in the room. Only the carol of a bird stole in at the open window. All the valley lay like a great cup filled to the brim of the encircling hills with the golden wine of the sunshine.

Marian rose and stood looking far away, her slender figure, in its black drapery, outlined against the clear light. The bird which had been fluttering about the climbing roses on the trellis without suddenly flew upward, its song growing fainter and fainter as it lost itself in the blue sky. A flush crept over her pale face, and a new brightness grew in her eyes. With both hands she pushed back the heavy crape veil from her forehead. Behind her was the tender past hold-



ing the little grass-grown grave—before, a world made for unrepining faith and the sweet helpfulness of love—beyond all, that Heaven which stores, unwasted, every precious possession of earth.

As Mrs. Warriner also rose, and the hands of the two once more sought each other, there came to me, waiting aside, these well-remembered words:

"As ships meet at sea a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies."

MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

### BETTER THAN GOLD.

"IF we were only rich!" Mrs. Reade was making over her black silk, trying to arrange the trimming to cover both the soiled parts and pieced places. In consequence of this double duty, said trimming bade fair to be more useful than ornamental, and the lady's wish ended with a deep-drawn sigh.

Mrs. Reade had always wished for wealth. Her earliest dreams had been of pink satin dresses and pianos and unlimited chocolate creams. Later she had planned an elegantly furnished house and various foreign tours, for, of course, her husband would be rich. And then she had surprised herself and every one else by marrying Robert Reade—out of pure love.

To be sure, Robert was a fine young fellow, with a good education and fair business prospects, but he had not the grasping, calculating disposition that succeeds in this world, and it did not take many years to convince his wife that she would never occupy the elegantly furnished house or travel in foreign lands.

Men honored Robert for his integrity. The poor loved him for his ready sympathy and help. He could find enjoyment in a charming landscape or a beautiful sunset, and his affection for her had never outgrown the romance of courtship days. She often assured herself that she would not have him different for the world, and yet there were occasions, like the present, when the old longing for riches came with new force.

Sister Clara had been wiser than she, the neighbors said. What if she had married a man older than her father, and one who had acquired his wealth in the liquor traffic? He had retired from the business now, and riches cover a multitude of sins. Clara was living in grand style, and during those brief summer visits to the old home the splendor of her apparel attracted more attention than the minister's sermons. This was the sister in whose honor the black silk was being remade. For the first time since Clara's marriage Mrs. Reade was going to the city to make her a visit. Home cares and an increasing family had prevented her leaving before. At present there was really no reason for longer delaying the visit. The twins were attending school, Baby Harry had exchanged dresses for pants, and Aunt Rebecca had promised to be a mother to the family, Robert and all. So the black silk was finished and packed, with her other company clothes, in a new trunk, bought for the occasion, and she started for the great city.

Clara was at the station. Her greetings were very cordial, but Mrs. Reade could not help imagining the hasty glance bestowed upon her traveling suit was a trifle critical. A sense of her own shabbiness stole over her, and the feeling did not leave when she entered her sister's spacious, brilliantly lighted parlors. Why should she be denied stylish costumes and elegant surroundings? she asked herself. She liked luxury and ease; why must her life be one of economy and toil?

But she was weary with the long journey and glad to retire early. How pleasant it seemed next morning to lie in bed just as long as she chose! She thought of Aunt Rebecca getting breakfast at home, while the children were asking to have a broken toy mended or a missing button replaced, and Robert in haste to be gone. How many times she had tried to satisfy all the demands of the morning, scarcely stopping to breathe till after nine o'clock! Clara, on the contrary, had never known what hurry meant. Every sleeping-room contained unnumbered toilet conveniences. Strike a bell, and a servant would stand to do one's bidding. How happy she would be in her sister's place! And yet, Clara's face looked worn and tired.

Mr. Ives did not appear at the breakfast-table; indeed, Mrs. Reade had not seen him since her arrival. Her inquiry for him elicited a little laugh that had in it a ring of bitterness, and the reply: "Oh! you won't see much of him; he's busy with stocks and banks about all the time, and it's just as well so." Mrs. Reade did not continue the conversation, but she could not imagine how it could be "just as well" if Robert was away from his family "about all the time." She understood her sister's reply better when Mr. Ives had been with them. Clara seemed to feel an aversion to his very presence. This caused him no ill-feeling or anxiety, however. He appeared callous to everything but stocks and bonds, dollars and cents.

What a beautiful home! she thought, as she wandered through the rooms, stopping to examine a rare picture or some unusual article of furniture. There was the music-room, with its organ and piano and harp. How many happy hours its owner might spend there! There was the library, with rows upon rows of books. How she would mingle with the great minds of the past and present if these were hers!

She said something of the kind to Clara, who replied:

"You don't know how little time I have for such things. Why, with dressmaking and shopping and calls and parties, I scarcely open a book from one week's end to another. As for music, I never play; but a house isn't considered furnished without a music-room."

"Mr. Ives must enjoy the library."

Her sister laughed the same bitter laugh as before, but said nothing. Next day she happened into the library when Mr. Ives was there. He was smoking a clay pipe and reading the *Police News*.

Mrs. Reade accompanied her sister to one reception. She did not wear the black silk, Clara insisting upon loaning one of her dresses. The sister of the wealthy Mrs. Ives received attention that would never have been given to plain Mrs. Reade. She found the music and flowers and gay



company somewhat intoxicating. It did not seem so strange as it had done that Clara should prefer company to books. Ah! this was the life for which she had longed!

Two gentlemen near were conversing. She rustled her fan and tried not to listen, but they spoke very distinctly.

"Introduce me to that lady? What inducement can you offer?"

"They're rich. Her husband is Joshua Ives. Haven't you heard of him?"

"That old skinflint! Indeed I have. He's the meanest man in the city; 'twould take a powerful microscope to see his soul. So riches is the recommendation. No, thank you. Mrs. Snow gives us angelic music; Mrs. Sellar talks art and literature; Miss Drew always has some good, practical ideas to impart, and I trust your humble servant himself contributes his mite toward enlightening and elevating society. But these parasites that must be nourished and petted and toadied just because they are rich—bah! I thought you knew me better."

The speakers moved away. Everything seemed changed. The lights had grown dim, the flowers lost their fragrance, the air was oppressive. It was true—all true. Robbed of its dazzle and glitter, her sister's life was a selfish one—thoroughly, totally selfish.

If evidence was needed to strengthen this conviction it came the next day, in the person of a poorly clad, shrinking woman. Mr. Ives was away and the woman asked to see his wife. The tale she told was pitiful. Her home was in a tenement house owned by Mr. Ives. She had been sick and unable to earn the money for the rent. The agent threatened to turn her into the street, and she had come to ask for an extension of time. Only give her time and she would pay it all. Clara turned coldly away. "I have nothing to do with these matters. It is the agent's business."

"But," pleaded the woman, "the agent says he will not extend the time without your orders."

"And I shall give him no such orders," replied Clara, sweeping from the room.

Mrs. Reade had sat a silent spectator of the scene. Was this the Clara who with her had planned such large charities, when in girlhood they had dreamed golden dreams of the future?

With a weary sigh the woman arose to leave. She must not depart without one word of cheer. Mrs. Reade found she was a widow with several small children. Her husband had been in Mr. Ives' employ, and there acquired the taste for liquor, which had later proved his ruin and brought him to a suicide's grave. Now, friendless and alone, she knew not what to do. Mrs. Reade advised her to leave the city, promising assistance in finding work and a home in Grenville, and the promise was kept.

But the woman's story had been a revelation. These costly, beautiful surroundings, which she had craved, had been purchased with the price of blood! Voices seemed crying from the elegant furniture; from the paintings she had loved to study; from that luxurious library and the instruments of music; from hall and dining-room—wailing and weeping of the homeless, hopeless souls, whose ruin had helped to fill the rum sell-

er's coffers. She grew heart-sick and home-sick at the fancy.

Mrs. Ives wondered at her sister's sudden determination to return home. It was useless to urge her to prolong the visit, and as soon as preparations could be made, Mrs. Reade was speeding back to Grenville.

They met her at the station—Robert and the twins and Harry, and the old horse Charlie harnessed to the farm wagon. Unmindful of the faces at the car windows, she rushed into her husband's arms with a little sob of joy.

"I'm so glad to be home again and see you all once more. And I'm so glad we are not rich. There are some things in this world better than money."

Robert smiled fondly. "And did my little wife have to go away to the city to find that out? Why, I was reading it in an old book at home only this morning—A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

"And loving favor rather than silver and gold," whispered the happy wife.

JULIA A. TIRRELL.

### A SUNNY TEMPER.

IT is a wonderful thing to have in a family and will as surely disperse gloomy thoughts and dark anticipations as the morning sun scatters the night shadows.

We hear but little in the "Home Circle" of the fathers and brothers, yet I know that many such enjoy the pleasant pages of our good Magazine with the sisters and mothers. If only a part of the household can be good-natured and cheerful, perhaps it is best that the ladies of the family enjoy that privilege, as they must, necessarily, have more influence over the younger members, that are so quick to catch the prevailing tone, be it dark or bright.

But really I should be loath, were I one of the stronger sex, to give up my privileges as a sunshine-maker and joy-promoter to any mother and sister of them all. And when husband and wife, brothers and sisters, unite in making each other happy and their home bright, it is wonderful how little power hard labor, poverty, or any outer circumstance, has to dim its shining.

No amount of money can ever make up for the lack of sunny hearts, and it is by no means the richest or the most cultured people, who have the happiest lives.

The saddest person I ever saw was one who could hardly find ways in which to spend her income and whose home was princely in its appointments; with all that wealth could purchase, she was bitterly cursed with a sour, morbid disposition that destroyed her own and others' peace.

A penniless wife with a sunny heart is a richer treasure than the richest heiress could possibly be without it.

Solomon's experience was very wide, and he knew whereof he affirmed when he said it was "better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house." He might have told us, also, that a man, bringing to his home only harsh words and gloomy frowns, had better have chosen a "lodge in some vast

wilderness," where he might frown and hurt nobody.

We have troubles enough in this world "that come of God, when naught behooves like patience," and shall we make for ourselves and those we love sorrow and darkness when we might bring sunlight and peace?

Doubtless we could all find occasion for complaint if we sought it, but why not as persistently seek the good as the evil? If we strive to find the best of our friends, we shall find it is very good, in spite of some failings; and if we look for the mercies and the sunshine around us I am sure we cannot fail to find them. Has the day been cloudy? "At evening-time it shall be light." Has it been full of toil and care? "He giveth His beloved sleep."

I have a deep pity for those unhappy children in every neighborhood whose homes are merely stopping-places, and very chill at that: where daily bickerings, strife, and fault-finding darken the little lives that ought to grow and expand in the sweet home-sunshine.

There are some homes, often very nice and orderly in their arrangements, where only east winds seem to blow; where childish plays and merry laughter are hushed as foolish, sinful things; where sunny tempers and sunny rooms are alike unknown.

In going from one of these to some of the sweet, bright homes we have all seen, one can as readily feel the difference of temperature as he could in passing from the frost and cold of a winter's night into the warmth and brightness of an Italian summer.

It is as true now as when the wise man wrote it, that "A merry heart doeth good, like a medicine," and modern science, with all its discoveries, has found nothing better.

The presence of a happy-hearted, sweet-tempered person is a perpetual blessing in any family, and if any of us feel that we lack in sunshine of heart, let us begin forthwith to cultivate it. We are, to so large an extent, creatures of habit, that every effort to "count only the hours that shine" to-day will make it easier to-morrow; and if we resolutely look on the bright side, even of troubles, we shall doubtless find the silver lining.

Ill-humor is as "catching" as the measles, and one person steadfastly bent on being miserable can easily make the whole household uncomfortable; but isn't it a nobler thing to harmonize discordant elements, to lighten the gloom of the darkest day, and make all around us cheerful with an equally contagious spirit of sunshine and song?

L. M. B.

#### MARY HOWITT'S FATHER AND MOTHER.

WHEN my father was employed as a surveyor in 1795 on the Talbot estate, at Margam, he attended the First-day meeting of Friends at Neath and met, at the hospitable table of Evan Rees, Ann Wood, a convinced Friend, on a visit to Evan's wife, Elizabeth. They saw each other frequently and became well acquainted. On one occasion at dinner she suddenly learned his regard for her by the peculiar manner in which he asked: "Wilt thou take some

nuts, Ann Wood?" She took them, saying: "I am fond of nuts." "That is extraordinary," he replied, "for so am I." There was in those parts an aged ministering Friend of so saintly a character as to be regarded in the light of a prophet. On First-day morning after they had both been present at meeting, this minister drew her aside and said: "If Samuel Botham make thee an offer of marriage thou must by no means refuse him." Accordingly, he was before long her accepted suitor. In the year 1796, on the sixth day of the twelfth month, they took each other for man and wife after the prescribed simple form, "in the fear of God and in the presence of that assembly." They were married in the Friends' meeting-house at Swansea, where the bride's mother then resided. In the marriage certificate my father is stated to be an ironmaster of Uttoxeter, Staffordshire. He must therefore have considered the iron works with which he was then connected as the established business of his life.—*Mary Howitt, in Good Words.*

#### POOR MOTHER!

PROPOS of one of the portraits to the Academy of Music, the following story circulates: A Hungarian peasant went to a Munich painter and asked him to paint the portrait of his mother. "Certainly," said the painter; "send her to me." "But she is dead; if she was alive I wouldn't want her portrait." "Well, have you any picture of her?" "No; if I had I wouldn't want one." "Well, my friend, describe her to me; what sort of eyes, hair, etc.?" He secured that, and appealing to his artist friends who had some Hungarian studies, he painted a head. Secreting his friends about the room, he sent for the peasant. The man came, looked at the picture; his eyes filled with tears; he put up his hand to wipe them away. "Poor fellow," said the artist, patting him on the back; "it is a good likeness then, it affects you so much?" "No," said the man; "poor mother! to think she has been only dead six months and looks like that!"—*New York Mail and Express.*

#### A QUEEN'S DAILY LIFE.

##### THE HAPPY WIFE AND HONORED CONSORT OF THE KING OF ITALY.

QUEEN MARGUERITE divides her day into equal parts by the three meals. Breakfast is taken at eleven, and the young Princess affords her guests the example of an excellent appetite. This does not, however, prevent her enjoying, with her ladies, at half-past two, a hearty lunch, for which her *chef de cuisine* makes it a point of honor to invent a new dish every day. Dinner is served at seven in the evening. After breakfast the Queen goes out for a two or three hours' walk. If the King is absent she selects one of her ladies as her companion. The evening is spent in conversation. The Queen talks much and well, wastes no time in silly gossip, and only says what she means to say.

But, however interesting the topic, at the stroke

of eleven the Queen rises and retires to her apartments. For nothing in the world would she deviate from this habit of punctuality, which she demands from others as from herself.

Apart from these daily recreations, the Queen has her hands pretty full. The early morning hours are devoted to study. She reads a good deal, and almost exclusively serious works. As the Queen, like her husband, possesses an astonishing memory, she retains many things in her

head, and has in this way acquired an extensive range of knowledge in many branches of learning. The Queen worships her husband, who fully returns her affection. Her fondness for her little son is so great that she will readily leave any important occupation she may be engaged in to play cricket or ball with him, in which the mother recovers all her vivacity and plays with greater zest than the child himself.—*Italian Gazette.*

## Young Ladies' Department.

### BURNT PAPERS.

"WOULD you like to have us to spend the afternoon?" asked Fan, coming into the room with her arms full of newspapers, followed by Polly and Kate similarly burdened.

"Indeed I would," replied her Aunt Joyce from the depths of her easy chair, where she sat among soft, bright cushions. She was an invalid and seldom left her rooms, so the girls often took their work there. "What are you doing now?" she inquired.

"It's such a splendid snowy afternoon that we thought we would look over our papers and cut out what we wish to save for our scrap-books," replied Fan.

"We ought to look them over every week, but we put them away up in the garret instead, and don't attend to them until there are so many we just have to. It's nice to have a good many papers, but it's a bother sometimes."

"Still, it is a nice kind of a bother," said Aunt Joyce.

"Yes, indeed. I don't see how people live who do not have books and papers," said Polly.

"The M— *News* is such a good paper," said Kate, after they had worked for nearly half an hour, during which time they had done considerable talking as well as cutting. "It always has one or two good stories in it besides a young people's department. It is not worth while to keep them, but I don't like to put them with the waste papers."

"I'd like to cut out every nice thing I see, but I can't save all," said Polly, with a regretful sigh, for she was a regular book-worm and dearly loved everything in the shape of reading.

"I do believe we have scraps enough now to fill a dozen books, but still we cut," said Kate.

"How many have you made?" asked Aunt Joyce.

"Not one single, solitary one," replied Fan. "We're always going to, but we never get at it, and I don't believe we ever will use up half the scraps we have, but I'm as bad as Kate and Polly, I want to cut out everything."

"Why don't you? Then, if you have more books than you want when you get them finished, you can burn them," said their aunt.

"Make them and burn them!" and "Why, Aunt Joyce! we'd better burn them as they are!" cried Polly and Kate, at the same time.

"Burn them, how?" asked Fan, who had discovered during the year their aunt had been with

them that she often had more meaning to what she said than appeared at first.

"This way," answered her aunt with a smile, taking up an old magazine that lay on the stand by her side. "It was something I read in this to-day that made me think of it," she added, turning to the back of the magazine. "Here it is." Then she read out to them a letter that some one had written to the editor of the magazine, saying that instead of making a bonfire of the old magazines and papers which he did not care to keep, as some correspondent had written of doing to keep too many from accumulating about the house, he had burnt them by sending them to people who were not so fortunate as to have any of their own. He told how very glad they were to get them. How he had sent one package of magazines to a poor family who were entirely without any reading matter, and how, after they had 'consumed' them, they had sent them to others until, when he wrote, the magazines had been read by over seventy different persons.

"That's what we can do with our papers," cried Polly, as her aunt finished reading.

"Why didn't we think of it before," said Fan, her pretty face full of interest, "we have so many papers."

"Since you have been working at your papers I have been thinking how delightful it would be to make some scrap-books, and start them on their travels. You could each keep out the scraps you would like to save for your own books, and there would still be enough to—"

"Make half a dozen, any way," broke in Kate, while Polly prepared to go over her pile of papers again, and cut to her heart's content.

"We can't take any of the magazines, for father always has them bound," said Polly.

"I think you will have plenty of material to start with without them," said Aunt Joyce, looking with a smile at the piles of papers and cut-out scraps.

"And plenty of places to send them to," said Fan, who had been thinking fast and feeling remorseful because they had never helped any one from their abundance. "Let's plan a minute. You see there is the M— *News*, the two agricultural papers, and the E— *Weekly*, that are full of good reading. Now wouldn't it be better to save them just as they are, instead of cutting them up?"

"Yes, of course it would. I was just wishing this paper was only printed on one side, so that I could cut out both stories," said Kate.

"And we can have papers to send as well as scrap-books. That'll be splendid," said Polly.

"You will have a regular circulating library," said Aunt Joyce.

"It will be a regular bonfire," said Kate, who was greatly taken with the idea of calling it a burning.

"Wouldn't it be nice to send—" began Polly, when

"Says the monkey to the owl,  
Oh! what'll you take to drink?"

sang Fred from the lower hall, while Charlie responded with—

"Since you're so very kind,  
I'll take a bottle of ink."

"O dear me! It's the boys. I had forgotten all about supper, and I must get it, for Bridget is in bed with a headache," cried Fan, springing up. "One of you come help me, please, while the other clears up the room," she added, hurrying away.

Their father and mother were away on a week's visit, and Fan was having her first experience in housekeeping.

"We thought the house was deserted," was Fred's greeting as Fan flew down the stairs and out to the kitchen.

"You started the echoes and the people pretty effectually," responded Polly, who had come to help.

While Fan enveloped herself in a large apron and stirred up the muffins, Charlie filled the stove with light, dry wood, until it roared like a young furnace, and Polly told the boys about their plan and secured their promise to help.

After supper was over they finished cutting out the scraps from all the papers they had brought down. The next morning the three girls sorted over the papers still in the garret.

"We have almost a whole year of the two agricultural papers and half a year's *Tribune* supplements, besides ever so many weeklies and a great pile of odd numbers of different papers which we have saved because we did not like to throw them away," reported Fan, as they stopped at their aunt's door on their way down.

"You might let some of them be burning while you are making your scrap-books," suggested Aunt Joyce.

"So we might," assented Fan.

"Where can we send them?" asked Polly, as they came in and settled themselves for a talk.

"I've thought of one place," said Kate, as she stirred the fire into a brighter blaze. "You know the woman who comes to help Bridget once a week? Well," she went on as the others nodded, "Bridget told me that she has a little boy who has not walked a step since he was two years old, and he is fourteen now, just as old as I am. I think it will be just the place to burn some papers, for they are as poor as can be, and, of course, he has not much to interest him."

"Perhaps he cannot read," said Polly.

"We can take him papers that have pictures in; then if we find he cannot read we can teach him," said Fan.

Aunt Joyce smiled quietly to herself as she saw that one blaze was going to kindle others.

"That is only one place," said Kate; "the rest of you must think of some."

"We might send the agricultural papers to the Carter boys," said Fan. "I do not think you know about them," she explained to her aunt. "John, the eldest, is only fifteen. Sam is twelve, and there are two children younger. Their father is dead and their mother is not able to work much. They haven't anything except a four-acre lot and perseverance. The boys are going to try raising vegetables next summer, but do not know much about the work, so you see the papers will be a help."

"Yes, indeed," replied her aunt; "wouldn't it be a good plan to let them have the back numbers to keep all summer? then they could study them over and have them to refer to whenever they needed them."

"Yes," agreed Polly and the others.

"That makes two places," said Kate, turning down two fingers.

"I've thought of another," said Polly. "Don't you remember when Miss Wood was here what she told us about the flower mission and how delighted the people in the hospital were to get the flowers. I know they would be as glad to get some of our papers. I've often read notices in the city papers asking people to send books and papers to the hospitals, but I never thought about its meaning *us* before. Dr. Lensen goes in every morning, and I know he will be willing to take them in for us," and Polly stopped, quite out of breath.

"Of course he would," "We'll send that great pile of old papers," "There's enough to make three or four good-sized bundles, and we can send them one at a time," said Aunt Joyce, Fan, and Kate.

"And that will be a good place to send some of our scrap-books to," added Aunt Joyce, who knew from experience how hard it was to be sick and that some pleasant reading made the time pass quickly.

"I've still another place," said Fan, after they had discussed the hospital plan thoroughly. "Why wouldn't it be nice to lend some of our papers, not the old ones, but the new ones as they come each week, to Misses Ruth and Narcissus Coy? They are poor and live in two rooms, but they are awfully proud."

"That's one good thing about papers," said Kate. "You can send them to places where you could not offer anything else without giving offense."

"And they really have not any papers," added Fan. "When I went to see them several weeks ago, Mrs. Henderson was there and was talking about something that was in the last number of their church paper. Miss Ruth said they had not seen it, for they did not take the paper this year."

"We have the same one, so we can just as well lend it to them as not every week," said Kate. "There was a letter in this week's paper from the town where they lived long ago, so that will be a good excuse for taking it to them. Then, when we have once begun, it will be easy to keep on lending it."

"Why don't you make a beginning this afternoon?" asked their aunt.

"Suppose we do," said Fan. "We can take the paper and make a short call on Miss Ruth and her sister. Then come back and get the

papers for the Carter boys. We can just as well come home, for the two places are in opposite directions."

"And we can take a few papers to Billy Denis, the lame boy; for we go past where he lives on our way to Carter's," said Polly.

"We must get all our work and practicing done this morning, for it will be a long walk and we must start soon after dinner."

"I don't care how far it is," said Polly; "it's just splendid out. I do so love to walk in the snow."

It was nearly supper time when they got back, but they had a minute or two to stop in their aunt's room to tell her what a good time they had had.

"Miss Ruth and Miss Narcissus were so glad to see us. They thanked us two or three times for the paper. Then they told us about when they used to live at H—, and it was so interesting we could hardly get away."

"But Billy Denis was the best of all. He can read; and, Aunt Joyce, I do wish you could have seen him when we gave him the papers," cried Polly, as she struggled out of her sacque.

"He was too glad to say a word. Just think, he had nothing to read but an old school reader and a few leaves from an old book," added Kate.

The girls were just beginning to tell how pleased the Carter boys and their mother were, when the supper-bell rang, and they were obliged to leave the rest of the story until they were working at the scrap-books after supper.

Their Aunt Joyce had invited them to work in her room that evening; so they spent several busy hours around her centre-table and accomplished a great deal.

Their aunt had donated four Mark Twain scrap-books as her share, and the girls had prepared two old books of Patent Office Reports by cutting four from every five leaves; so they had six books to fill and more than scraps enough to fill them.

"The Reports don't make nearly as pretty-looking books as the 'Mark Twains,' but still they are real nice," said Polly, after a few pages had been pasted.

"We can send them to places where we think they will not take any care of them. The reading in them will be just as good," said Charlie.

When the little clock on the toy bracket struck nine they had one of the Mark Twain scrap-books full and one of the others finished all but two pages.

"Why don't you send one of the scrap-books to the hospital with the papers?" asked Fred, as he helped Polly smooth down a page.

"One of the Mark Twains, for they are the lightest to hold," said Fan. And the others all thought it a good idea.

"I spoke to Dr. Lensen about taking them in for you when he was here this afternoon. He said he would be glad to carry all you have to send, and promised to stop to-morrow for the first installment," said their Aunt Joyce, as the last page was finished and the book put away under a weight to press.

They had a bundle of papers and the scrap-book all strapped up ready for the Doctor when he stopped the next morning on his way to the train.

"I wish I could take you all in with me and let you see for yourselves how much these will be appreciated," said the Doctor, as he stood in the hall door. "A bit of fresh reading matter is a treat to them, I can tell you."

"I wish you could; but we had a little experience yesterday and we can guess," said Fan.

"So you are branching out in different directions," said the Doctor, who knew all about what they were doing; for Aunt Joyce had given him a full account of their plans and he was much interested. "Well, it's a nice little amusement for you all and will help keep you out of mischief. Hope you don't mean to stop with these."

"No, indeed, we don't," they answered, as he hurried away; for the train was whistling around the curve.

They looked at each other and laughed, for they knew the Doctor's way and that his last remarks, translated, meant: "It's a good work, and will help you as much as the ones you help."

MARGARET R. RYDER.

### LETTER FROM THOMAS CARLYLE TO AN AMERICAN GIRL.

A YOUNG lady in New York wrote to Mr. Carlyle, asking information concerning his translation of the works of Goethe. She sent her photograph, probably to show the age and ingenuous character of his correspondent. The reply was as follows:

"CHELSEA, LONDON, October 21st, 1866.

"You pretty, but unreasonable, child! I never translated 'Goethe's Works' nor any part of them but the *Wilhelm Meister* and some short fractions scattered up and down among my own writings. The *Wilhelm Meister* (both parts) I would willingly send you, but the publisher here informs me that the conveyance, etc., to New York will outweigh any advantage to you, and that the direct and easiest plan is that you apply to 'Johnson & Co.' (address inclosed), who are close at hand, in case you actually want a *Wilhelm Meister*, which is itself uncertain to me. Don't calculate on seeing me when you next come to London. I am grown very old; have no desire—but the contrary—for being 'seen'—and find my little remnant of time all occupied with infinitely more important things. Read me, read Goethe, and if you will, be a good girl, and feel a call to do so; read all the good books you can come at and carefully avoid (like poison) all the Bad, so far as you can discriminate them, which will be more and more, the more faithfully you try. Happy is he (still more is she) who has got to know a Bad Book by the very flavor and to fly from it (and from the base, vain, and unprofitable soul that wrote it) as from a thing requiring to be left at once to leeward! And let me tell you further, pretty little Juliette, reading, even at the best, is but one of the sources of wisdom, and, by no manner of means, the most important. The most important, all including, is that you love wisdom loyally in your heart of hearts, and that wherever you learn from a book or elsewhere a thing credibly wise, you don't lose time in calling or thinking it 'wise,' but proceed at once to see how, with your best discernment, energy, and caution, you can manage to do it! That is the rule of rules—that latter. May your years be many and bright with modest nobleness; 'happy' enough they will be in such case—and so adieu, my pretty child.

Yours truly,  
"T. CARLYLE."



## Housekeepers' Department.

### TALK ABOUT COOKING.

IF one undertakes to make a peach pudding and finds the larder minus flour, fruit, and material for shortening, it is a little discouraging, isn't it? or if you *must* have soup for dinner, and a meat famine prevails among your stock of provisions, it certainly don't make you feel happy. As "we can't have everything to please us"—(a wise remark made to little Johnny's parents when he left them in search of a better life)—we can only do our best to find a substitute for peach pudding and meat soup or go hungry. Peaches are not always to be had, especially if we want them in winter, and don't use dried fruit and won't take canned.

Lots of people never learn they can't have everything they want, and when their desire is not gratified they make themselves and, what is worse, all around them miserable about it. I know one woman who upsets all the calm and peace of her own family about her cook-book—her want of peach pudding and so on; and yet this Martha actually prides herself on growing pale and thin under her too pressing household cares. She frets the appetite away from each member of her circle, and they certainly need something more savory and dainty than the messes she gets up from said cook-book to tempt them to eat. She reads this pet volume, as so many people do books of more pretensions, with her eye entirely and no outlay of brain power.

One day she means to have a meat pie for dinner, sets her mind steadily on it, and goes, as is her invariable habit, to the only law she knows of—this kitchen companion, the cook-book—for directions how to make it. She reads "lamb pie"—can find no other meat-pie mentioned, and, because the author of the book has no room to squeeze in beef, mutton, pork, chicken, liver, giblets, veal, venison, and so on (indeed, bear or duck, tripe or kitten, might do just as well), and she has no lamb at hand, in house or store, the "meat pie" has to be given up, and as she had determined to have that with all her might and main on that day, and the book gives no other, there is nothing to be done except to groan over the troubles of life in general and of house-keeping above all other earthly bothers.

Well! what I want to say (and don't get at) is, we are all too apt to stick to the letter of the law in reading our cook-books which is a very good thing to do when we can—when we have proved the recipe to be excellent, and when we have on hand, or can obtain, everything called for; but so many of us, alas! have not perfectly supplied larders or well-filled purses to supply deficiencies. So we just groan over all the expensive recipes which seem compiled only for rich folks, who have in this case, as in most others, the best of this world's goods. How can we help sighing over a recipe which calls for enough eggs to supply a moderate farm with chickens—in a season when they are almost worth their weight in gold?

All we can do with such recipes is to reconstruct them, using brains instead of such dear and scarce eggs.

In hot or cold weather, if eggs are scarce or plentiful, it is still well to try to arrange our puddings and cakes so as to be independent of eggs in all times, or, at any rate, make a less number answer.

There is a sweet little friend of mine who lives in a dear little house of her own, with a big husband to cater for and a large ambition to do it well. She said to me one day, with an unshed tear in her eye: "I shall have to give up either desserts or soups, and spoil the nice dinners we have been having; for every recipe I can get hold of does cost such a mint of money. Why! the week's allowance can hardly be felt in my purse on *Thursday*; stock for soup costs almost as much as a roast; and my hair is growing gray over the eggs needed in desserts."

"Well!" I respond, "there are thousands of desserts that don't need an egg, and as for soups don't make them with meat-stock—so many palatable soups can be made without them—vegetable soups, you know. Take meat bisque, for instance; this is the way we make it: A quart can of tomatoes is cooked for ten minutes, with salt, pepper, a little butter, and a scant teaspoonful of soda; strain it and thicken with two teaspoonfuls of corn-starch; keep it hot; then take one quart of milk, let it come to a boiling point, and pour with the tomatoes into a tureen and serve. This is excellent, and can be made in a little more than ten minutes.

If you can get no tomatoes, celery boiled in a quart of water and mashed through the colander is excellent. Even celery-seed is good; asparagus also answers well for the purpose, or peas. Only use the brain at your disposal, and you may think up numbers of available vegetables.

If you have not the milk on hand or cannot spare it, try a soup made of peas alone—old peas can be used—or dried peas, even. Here is a good black bean soup. One quart of black beans, two or three carrots, one boiled onion, soft enough to press through a colander; one hour before dinner time season with salt, pepper, a little mace, and allspice. Serve with hard-boiled eggs—in slices—in it.

By keeping all the odds and ends of meat you can scarcely otherwise find use for, and saving the water meats are boiled in, you may make many good and economical soups, only making the vegetable soups when you have no other material.

It is not difficult or expensive to make a little soup which will help us to enjoy our dinner every day, and we may have seven varieties in a week. But if you hold to your book of recipes always, and think, because it says so, that lamb or spring chickens are the only things fit to use for the purpose, of course, with an income, that requires careful nursing you will soon despair of making ends meet. Soup is really an economy, as well as a luxury, used as a prelude to dinner—and often

it helps our families to believe they have had a much better meal than is really the case.

When I know my bill of fare is a little scant, I manage to begin with a substantial vegetable, and in helping, fill the plates with good measure, so the keen edge is taken off the appetite like chaff before the wind. But when I am sure the dinner is O. K. and plentiful, I have a little thin, spiced soup down in the bottom of the soup plates, just enough to sharpen the appetite for the good things coming. Talking of sharpening the appetite, let me just here give you a first-rate tomato sauce to use for soups and gravies, or to keep on hand for general use. It is easy to make, and almost every one who likes hot seasoning likes this. I call it cold tomato catsup. Take one-half peck of tomatoes, cut them fine, without scalding, two roots of horseradish, ground, one teacupful of salt, one of ground mustard, two red peppers, seeded, and cut up finely; one and a half teacupful of Cayenne pepper, two stalks of celery cut up small, one teacup of chopped onion, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one cup brown sugar, one quart good vinegar. Stir well, and it is fit for use at once. Keep it in glass and it will remain good in hot weather. I know, you know, and the writers of cook-books know only too well that they cannot prepare for every emergency. Thus, for instance, one young cook after being quite successful with sponge cake, began to find her cake "soggy." "And I know the reason," she said, sadly, "this last lot of eggs are all so large. I do believe eight of them are equal to twelve common eggs. So of course they spoil my cake."

"But why not use fewer of them?" I ask.

"Oh! the book says nine, and I would not like to use less. I guess I won't try cake again till I get a new lot."

Now, I always feel when I write "two eggs," I ought to add "if the eggs are twice the ordinary size, one will answer, and if they are small eggs use more of them." A cook-book, it seems to me, is useful mostly as a reminder of things that *may* be done—a general director, but still one that asks assistance from yourself. It is so easy to go into minute particulars when all the materials to be used are close at hand; but what book can definitely tell you how to use up odds and ends from yesterday's dinner, making of them appetizing little additions for breakfast or lunch, without some adapting on your part, and in learning to do such things nicely there is quite a fortune in economy.

Suppose some friends drop in unexpectedly to take supper with me. I don't wish to offer the too-modest meal of cold ham and cakes, already prepared for ourselves—I go to the larder to see what I can find. I find some cold ham, veal, and beef; some leaves of lettuce, left over from the salad; some cold potatoes, and part of a cold rice-pudding.

First, I look well at the meats—the hardest of my problems to solve. I have it!—ham, veal, and beef go into the chopping-bowl and are finely minced; half I put aside; to the rest I add salt, pepper, a little green parsley, a little mace, par-boiled potatoes, and one large egg. This mixture is well minced and thoroughly mixed, then it can readily be molded into little balls. Roll them in egg and cracker-dust and fry a pretty brown. Lay

them on a flat dish, surrounded by parsley. They will look quite nice enough to call them "croquettes," or even "fricandellos," instead of hash-cakes. Now I take the other part of the meat, add an onion, cut up finely—the lettuce-leaves cut finely, too. Pile this on a deeper dish and pour over it a dressing made of egg, oil, mustard, vinegar, salt, and pepper. Cut slices of hard-boiled eggs over it and keep in a cool place till ready to use it.

Now there are still some potatoes left. Boil a pint of milk, thicken slightly with corn-starch; slice the potatoes into it, with butter, salt, pepper, and a little parsley, and serve with the meat-balls *very hot*.

The rice-pudding comes last. That I make thin by beating in the cream meant for our coffee (if we have to use milk instead). I pour the thinned rice into a bright glass dish, over it some red jelly, and, at last, the whites of three eggs, beaten to a froth, with sugar (the yolks are put aside for cakes next day); and to me it seems, sometimes, as if this supper of scraps (served on a dainty white cloth and decorated with a few flowers) will furnish a tempting little feast to look at and partake of; and all is so easy and quickly prepared.

While we are talking of not obeying our recipes to the letter, but needing a little common sense to suit the circumstances, I will give you one that needs quite a good deal of adapting. I gleaned it from an old Virginia cook. This old woman made ideal biscuits, of the kind we dream about and seldom get a chance to demolish.

I went into the kitchen-realm of this maker of delicious morsels and explained that, as I was soon going away from that part of the world, unless she told me the secret of their excellence I might never enjoy such again.

"You will tell me how to make them, won't you, auntie?"

"Of course, honey, dat I will."

"Very well, then. I will write down exactly what you tell me in this book."

"Now, child, you won't conjure me," she remarks, uneasily.

"No, indeed, auntie; I only want to remember exactly what you tell me."

"And you're sho' the sperrits can't git hold of me for dat?"

"Sure as can be. I'll not write a word about anything but biscuits. Now begin. How much flour do you take?"

"Well, honey, that depends on how much there is in the house."

"And the shortening! how much of that?"

"Well, just what I has to spare—sometimes mo', sometimes less."

"Then what e'se do you put in?"

"Well, honey, the principal of all is *elbow-grease*. I takes hog's lard—mo' or less, some water, a little salt—if you like it; den, if I am not tired, I beat de dough till I am. I tell you, child, just you put in plenty of elbow grease an' you're sho' of good bread."

So I put this down in my book:

"The best of biscuits.—Make with plenty of elbow-grease."

And I give you the recipe, and you can see if it is worth anything.

MARTHA.

### SOME ADDITIONAL HINTS IN REGARD TO PUTTING UP FRUITS FOR WINTER USE.

**I**N the use of glass jars I have observed small particles of glass adhering to the jar, which become readily detached in the hot preserves, especially when these are made of small fruits, and are not easily discoverable when these are served up for the table. Of course these particles of glass would work much mischief if they got into the stomach. To free your jars from any of these particles of glass that may happen to adhere to them, boil them in salt brine, and this will enable you also to discover if they have any tendency to crack. If you wish to put the fruit in hot, let the jar be as nearly as possible of the same temperature. In order to heat them, you may half fill them with cold water and sit them in a vessel of cold water (a large tin bucket or pan, for instance, which will hold several glass jars at a time), and then put the vessel on the stove, allowing it to remain till the water in and around the glass jars has become heated.

The usefulness of canned gooseberries for tarts and pies is well recognized. It may not be so well known that the crushed fruit sweetened to the taste is very palatable. Stem and cap the fruit fully ripe, and put it in glass jars or bottles. Set these in a vessel of cold water on the stove, letting the water come as nearly as possible to the top of the jars. When the water is boiling, fill up the jars of gooseberries with boiling water from some other vessel, so that there may be no vacant space in the jars; then screw the jars or cork and seal the bottles (if you use the latter) as quickly as possible, so that no air-bubbles may be formed. When I am scarce of preserves in winter, I frequently make preserves of the canned fruit, peaches especially, using the same proportion of sugar that I would for fresh fruit and pouring in the canned juice when liquid is needed to keep the preserves from burning.

In preserving small fruits, cook very rapidly. Raspberries preserve their flavor most perfectly. The most beautiful cherry preserves I have ever seen were made of carnation cherries, seeded by hand in such a manner as to preserve their roundness and plumpness of shape. In seeding the fruit it is held in the fingers of the right hand, and the seed forced out of the cherry by the thumb of the left hand, an ingenious method, preventing it from being mashed into a flabby mass. All small fruits preserved keep best in very small vessels; for instance, small glass tumblers or goblets. Fill quite full, then seal over with thick white paper, coated well with the white of an egg.

The best and most efficacious cordial of which I have any knowledge is made of the jelly of perfectly fresh picked blackberries. The fruit is sufficient in itself, and does not need the addition of any spices. Make the jelly of the strained fruit juice without water, and add a pound of granulated sugar to a quart of the juice. I frequently keep this jelly on hand, and mix a bottle whenever needed. It is very efficacious in cases of diarrhoea or dysentery. Whortleberry jelly preserves and cordial are said to be almost as efficacious as blackberries.

One of the best jellies for table use is made of green grapes just before they begin to color, when they have lost somewhat of their thick green look and are almost transparent. Pick the grapes carefully from the stem, leaving out the inferior. Put them in a small stone jar which set in a larger vessel nearly filled with cold water. After the water boils, strain the fruit carefully, crushing as little as possible. To a pint of juice, add a pound of granulated sugar. Boil for twenty minutes and pour into jelly tumblers to cool. Seal with white paper covered with the white of an egg. All fermented fruit I throw away as useless, but if we use perfect fruit and pure sugar, skim the fruit carefully while cooking, and seal it up well after it is done, there will be little danger of its fermenting.

M. W. EARLY.

### RECIPES.

**POTATO SALAD.**—Cut a dozen cold boiled potatoes into slices from a quarter to half an inch in thickness. Put these in a salad bowl with four tablespoonfuls of good vinegar, six tablespoonfuls of the best olive oil, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley with pepper and salt to taste. Stir well together till all is thoroughly mixed, and set aside for three hours.—*The Caterer.*

**CHICKEN CROQUETTES.**—Take the white meat of a cold, boiled fowl, and two cold, boiled sweet breads; chop them up very finely and mix; boil one small onion very soft, and mash it up into a smooth paste; boil half a pint of cream or milk; thicken this with a teaspoonful of flour mixed smoothly with a little milk; add to this a quarter of a pound of butter and the mashed onion; season with salt, a little pepper and grated nutmeg, and a pinch of dried and powdered sweet marjoram. Now mix and stir into this sauce the chopped meat. Place all upon the fire and stir constantly for about two minutes; then pour it on a large flat dish, smooth it out, and set it in a cold place or on ice until it is thoroughly cold; after which form it into pear-shaped cones, using a little flour to prevent the paste from sticking to the hands. Now dip them singly into eggs beaten with a little milk, and roll them in fine bread crumbs. Fry to a nice brown color, in plenty of boiling-hot lard.—*The Caterer.*

**GRANDMOTHER'S BROWN BREAD.**—Three pints of Indian meal—the crushed is finer flavored than the ground meal—one quart of rye flour, two tablespoonfuls of soda, half a cupful of home-made yeast, a heaping teaspoonful of salt. Wet the ingredients with one quart of warm water. Steam four hours, then uncover and put in a hot oven for fifteen or twenty minutes to brown.—*Demorest's Magazine.*

**GOLDEN CAKE.**—Beat six ounces of butter and one pint of powdered sugar till very light, add one gill of milk, the yolks of six eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and one and a half pints of Hungarian or the finest flour, with which one teaspoonful of baking powder has been mixed; add half a pint of raisins cut small. Place the cake in a small dripping-pan and bake.—*Mrs. Benedict's Fashion Journal.*

The *Weekly Press*, Philadelphia, gives the following menu for a wedding breakfast:

Bouillon served in small cups.

Kennebec salmon with mayonnaise.

Sweetbreads and French peas.

Chicken salad, with fried or broiled oysters.

Ice cream, ices, and frozen fruits.

Fancy cakes, coffee.

If salmon cannot be obtained, deviled crabs or lobster farcie may be served in its place. French chops or chicken croquettes may be dished with the peas in place of sweetbreads. If celery cannot be obtained for chicken salad, lobster salad, made with lettuce, may take its place. If more courses are desired, serve either birds or oysters,

or chicken patties. The salmon should be boiled whole, and served cold in a large meat dish with a mayonnaise dressing poured over it, and the dish prettily garnished. This is a favorite dish for weddings and parties. Unlike all other fish, it must be put in hot salted water to boil, instead of cold water, in order to preserve its color. It will require eight minutes to the pound after it begins to simmer, but it must only be allowed to boil very, very gently, or the outside will break before the inside is done. A bride's loaf of white or lady cake weighing ten pounds will correspond in size with a loaf of black fruit or wedding cake weighing fifteen pounds, and will be sufficient for fifty persons.

## Home Decoration and Fancy Needlework.



Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

TRAVELING COMPANION.

**Traveling Companion.**—This companion will be found most useful on a journey, as it has several pockets of different sizes for holding necessary articles of linen, etc. The stuff used is coarse gray linen, yet the bag may be made of washing silk. The pieces required for the pockets are all double, and are therefore to be cut of double stuff. The stuff is first to be folded over, then both stuff layers are folded down like a fan. When two equal parts have been prepared in this way they are sewn to the plain parts. In this way a number of pockets of different depths are made for the different articles, without these toughing or pressing each other. Fig. 2 shows the bag embroidered in cross and outline stitch.

**Bag for Darning Cotton and Needles with Lustra Painting.**—To make this bag, three square pieces of



BAG FOR DARNING COTTON.

cardboard eight inches long, rounded off eight inches above and three and one-quarter inches at the sides, are required. Two of these are covered with red print and united by a piece of cretonne—the upper edge excepted—this being thirty-eight and one-half inches long, ten and one quarter inches wide in the middle, and five and seven-eighths at each end. Through the cross edges a piece of elastic is put. On one of the cardboard squares is fastened as a pocket a piece of velvet measuring thirteen and three-eighths inches long above and nine and one-half below, painted as seen, and rounded off below. On the other cardboard square are put two stripes of flannel (see illustration) for needles and is joined to one lid part (the third cardboard square), the outer side of which shows

a painting on velvet. Two colored cords, twenty-three and three-eighths inches long, and small passementerie fringe complete the ornamentation.

**Embroidered Bag for Sewing Utensils etc., on a Journey.**—This useful bag, intended to hold small



EMBROIDERED BORDER.



Fig. 1.—BAG FOR SEWING UTENSILS.



Fig. 2.—BAG FOR SEWING UTENSILS.

sewing utensils, as also buttons, books, eyes, etc., consists of three parts (small bags) drawn together above by strings, each of which requires two pieces of gray linen four and three-eighths inches long and three and three-eighths inches wide bound singly at the

upper edges, but together at the three others with red silk braid. Two eyelet-holes, each made three-quarters of an inch from the upper and side edges of each bag part, serve to put through the strings with silk tags at the ends. A border and initial letters ornament the bag.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHION NOTES.

**Summer Wedding Dresses.**—Pretty wedding dresses for summer are made of *organdie* and *mull* trimmed with embroidery or Oriental lace. For late summer and fall, many wedding costumes are made of *nun's veiling*, *cashmere*, or *albatross cloth*. A *cashmere* dress can be worn upon other occasions. The skirt of such a costume may be trimmed at the lower edge with a narrow side plaiting; one side is a fan of the material, laid in side plaits, while adjoining it is a panel bordered with double rows of cream and gold tinsel braid. The front of the dress-skirt is edged with a row of the braid, as is also the back drapery, which seems to fall from the looping of the apron front at the side where there is no panel. The *basque* is finished at the lower edge with a band of braid, which also forms collar and cuffs. A traveling costume, of navy blue *Khayyam serge*, made up in much the same style, is trimmed with navy blue braid, spangled with silver. The belt of braid is secured with a silver buckle; the blue straw hat to match is trimmed with band and loops of the braid.

A pretty costume is of *nun's veiling* and *Surah*. The skirt is fine ruffles of the veiling, and the jacket also is of veiling. The full front puffed overskirt, vest, and back drapery are of *Surah*. Collar and cuffs are of velvet, and the costume is further ornamented with satin ribbon loops and bows on skirt and *basque*, and lace ruffles in neck and sleeves. A straw hat is bound with velvet and trimmed with velvet and lace to match.

**Visiting Toilette.**—The underskirt is of golden brown *satine*, made plain but quite full. A dressy overskirt, with deep draped front of flowered *satine*, finished down the front of the centre with graduated fans of creamy Oriental lace. The back drapery is

gracefully looped. The corsage is high neck, with deep points front and back, with *Vandyke* of the solid colored *satine* as a kind of a vest, surmounted by a velvet collar, all edged with Oriental lace. The stockings and gloves are of brown lisle thread. The bonnet is in two shades of brown straw, trimmed with *Surah* and velvet, with a cluster of golden wild flowers and green leaves arranged at the top of front.

**A Foulard Costume.**—The material is flowered foulard. The skirt is laid in double box-plaits from the waist line to the lower edge. The upper garment is a polonaise with shawl drapery, looped in the back, with the front slightly draped. The full corsage plastron is of foulard, and the collar of the same is secured by loops of ribbon.

**Novel Materials.**—Canvas, etamine, and bourette are among the popular fabrics for this season, besides a new *mouselline delaine*, plain and figured, and a new silk, called *faillie Chinoise*, as soft as India silk and as rich-looking as *Siennienne*. Etamine and all clear, open-work, canvas dresses require linings, and for these shot silk, satin *surah*, or *satine*, may be used. *Khayyam serge*, in new colors, will be very popular for braid-trimmed suits for autumn.

Colored embroideries are used on batiste and other materials for summer wear, and, later, they will be employed to trim woolen costumes. A dress of navy-blue *chambre* is finished with flounces and edging of the material, embroidered in red; steel-color is embroidered in black and white; pink and pale blue are pretty with flowers and fancy figures in white, or darker shades in self-colors.

**Children's Costumes.**—A pretty costume for a little girl may be of navy-blue or olive-green flannel, with tucked skirt sewn full into the belt, and full waist, with yoke, all trimmed with rows of blue and gold or



green and gold braid. The popular suit for a little boy is a sailor suit of blue or green flannel, trimmed with braid or not, as may be desired.

**White Dresses.**—The most popular white dress is of lawn, with gathered waist and simple drapery, with or without sash and ends. Yoke, strips for sleeves, and apron-front or overskirt trimming are of **ric-rac, crochet, lace, or embroidery.** Whole skirts, front breadths, aprons, and flounces are often of the ric-rac or lace. A favorite model for a white dress consists of a skirt trimmed with three deep flounces and a round waist, with yoke or plastron, and sleeves of embroidery. White dresses are generally ornamented with belt, loops, and bows of ivory-white satin ribbon.

**Hats,** to be worn with white dresses, are often of rough, white straw, trimmed with a loose scarf of the white material and a white pigeon's wing, with or without the addition of a gold or silver pin.

**Summer millinery,** generally, is characterized by an abundance of bright-colored ribbons, arranged in profuse loops and bows. **Ribbons,** also, are used to ornament dresses and wraps of all kinds, to a greater extent than they have been employed heretofore for a number of years.

**Neckwear.**—Linen collars are now generally provided with a yoke to slip under a dress, thus doing away with the necessity of pinning. A collar is fastened in front with a gold or pearl stud, so that, if desired, in warm weather no necktie or other ornament need be worn. In addition to a collar a very narrow ribbon is sometimes caught around the neck and tied in front or at the side in a number of loops and ends. **Wider ribbons** are sometimes bunched carelessly at the throat, and the ends may or may not reach the

waist. **Muslin ruching** for every-day wear now comes by the box, at a few cents a yard, so that there is no extravagance in warm weather in wearing a fresh *ruche* every morning. **Fichus,** for more dressy occasions, are of embroidered mull or of cream net, trimmed with Oriental lace. These are simply fastened with a gold or silver pin. A quaint conceit is to fasten a bow of ribbon upon the fichu, just above the left shoulder.

**Parasols** are sometimes covered by industrious ladies with ornamental coverings of crochet or tatting, thus making them more effective matches for costumes. For ordinary occasions parasol-frames are covered with gingham, cambric, or any other material to match a wash-dress.

**Silk lace mitts** are worn now in preference to gloves.

**Latest Novelties in Summer Dresses.**—White India surah and pongee are in best style for summer dresses. With gathered waist and skirt hanging straight, with scant ruffles edged with thread lace, transparent ruching of sheer linen lawn or silk belting gauze in the neck, and soft-fringed scarf, the gown has an arch and knowing simplicity admirable to see. It has other good qualities of bearing sun and shower, and washing easier than the white tennis flannels.

**English Parasols.**—The new London parasols are large and have curious handles, carved with birds and animals. Ecru and black are the favorite colors. Ecru muslin parasols, with gold ribs, are a novelty. Black parasols are often lined with red. Parasols are often covered with large canvas handkerchiefs, with deep bordering, and edged with flounces of Spanish lace.

## New Publications.

LAWN TENNIS AS A GAME OF SKILL. 75 cents.

A CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE. 50 cents.

New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The title of the first of these little books is sufficiently clear; that of the second means a *tricycle* ride from London to Canterbury by a lady and gentleman bailing from Philadelphia. It may be said of the Canterbury tale, that it is quaintly gotten up and very prettily illustrated. The text is very good, but we should fancy it to be more interesting to lovers of cycling than to the general reader.

The votaries of lawn tennis will doubtless be delighted to have a book on the subject of their favorite game, and to many the suggestions as to "see-sawing" opponents and other such "skill"-ful devices will perhaps be new and acceptable.

Is there a mystery about the popularity of this game of lawn tennis? It was only invented a little more than a decade since, yet it seems to be played everywhere that the English language is spoken and in a good many places where it is not. No, we think there is nothing mysterious about its favor, and believe that the whole story is told when we say that it is one of the very few out-door pastimes at which men and women may play together. There are men's clubs (and we learn, lately, that there are in New York women's clubs), social, political, and other-*al*, enjoying greater or less popularity and more or less successful in the attainment of their objects, but for real and unequivocal success, whether it be in the field of morality or that of sport, nothing approaches that in which men and women unite in the attainment of a

common object. The very devoted adherents to lawn tennis, of the male sex, will probably be ready to aver that the game has intrinsic merit to justify its popularity; that it has great merit no one can deny, but the best male lawn-tennis players readily yield its claims, as compared with rackets, and yet what popularity has that ancient game to the new-fangled game of the lawn? A few ladies and gentlemen may sometimes grace the tournament of the New York or Newport Clubs, but there isn't a particle of real popularity in it. The men who play rackets enjoy it hugely, but how about the great numbers who do not? and do the women care for it? Not a bit. If the tournament is a fashionable one it will be endured; if it isn't, the girls stay away. Compare this with the play of lawn tennis and the attendance at a lawn-tennis tournament. This is a game that the women know all about, and when the big brothers get up a tournament to show the superiority of their "smashes" over the feminine kind, though the girls can't play they look on, for awhile, at least, with real interest, and when they tire it is not of the game but the play. They resume its acquaintance on the first opportunity.

Lawn tennis is probably destined to be a fixture in our out-door sports, and we see probably but the comparative beginning of its popularity. Private lawn-tennis courts are no rarity now in large country houses, and there are many covered courts in rich men's houses for winter use, but we think it probable that the time will come when village greens and city parks, as well as the larger parks of the great cities, will have their "lawn-tennis grounds" for public use.

The time should come soon, for the exercise is most beneficial, particularly when combined with a pastime in which the sexes meet.

"THE TEN LAWS OF HEALTH." By J. R. Black, M. D. 413 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, \$2.00.

This is a third and enlarged edition of the work which appeared first in 1872. It has been so much enlarged by the revision and additions made that it is practically a new work, and one of the most admirable of its kind, being specially well adapted for family use. Technical language seems to have been avoided with the view of making it acceptable to the public, and a better book for the instruction of heads of families it would be hard to find.

The author lays special stress on the prevention of disease, holding fast to the old rule that prevention is better than cure, and carefully points out what would seem to be all of the causes leading to disease, many of which are frequently overlooked. To illustrate this we quote—because it is one of the shortest chapters—the heads under which the "fourth law" is discussed: "adequate and unconstraining covering for the body. Violation, and results." "Fashion, some of its results. The great developer of disease; effects of covering and uncovering parts of the body; whiskers, their use; danger of insufficient covering for the feet; baldness, how produced; tight lacing, its consequences; woman not born to more suffering than man; effects of tight lacing on offspring; corns and bunions, how produced."

This may not be one of the most interesting chapters, but others are too long for quotation here.

After dealing with the laws of health, as to pure air, good food, exercise, clothing, reproduction, climate, pursuits, cleanliness, states of the mind and marriage, the author adds a part second, in which the germ theory is discussed, and infectious diseases are described with much minuteness. The heads under which scarlet fever is treated are the following: "Scarlet fever and scarlet rash; first stage of fever not infectious; stopping the spread of infection in a family; visitors; body disinfection; scarlet rash disinfection; precautions after recovery or death; illustration of failure in one point of disinfection spoiling the whole." In a similar way are treated diphtheria, typhoid fever, cholera, measles, smallpox, chickenpox, consumption, and yellow fever.

It will be seen that the book covers a wide field, and when we consider that it covers it well, that it is free from technical language, and that it is quite "up to" the latest accepted theories as to the causes of disease, we feel that it may be commended highly for general use, particularly to those families that are not within easy access of a good doctor.

## Publishers' Department.

### THE HOME MAGAZINE.

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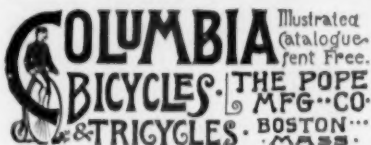
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# THE AWARD.

Last month's HOME MAGAZINE gave the names of "The Right Sort of a Jury" on the great question, "What is Compound Oxygen good for?" We now give a brief abstract from each one's statement:

**Judge Kelley**, in a letter to Drs. Starkey & Palen, says: "Gratitude to you and duty to those who may be suffering as I was from chronic catarrh and almost daily effusion of blood, in greater or less quantities, but always sufficient to keep one reminded of his mortality, impel me to say to you and to authorize you to give any degree of publicity to my assertion, that the use of your gas, at intervals, has so far restored my health that I am not conscious of having discharged any blood for more than a year; and that my cough, the severity of which made me a frequent object of sympathy, has disappeared."

"Thanking you for renewed health, strength, and the hope of years of comfortable life, I remain your grateful friend."

**Rev. Victor L. Conrad**, office-editor of the *Lutheran Observer*, became a broken-down invalid, but is now in as good health and as able to go through with his arduous duties as at any time in his life. He says: "Recovery was a simple and pleasant process. My health was fully restored and I could perform my editorial duties as well as ever. This restoration to health took place several years ago and has been permanent."

"A case even more wonderful than my own is that of my brother, Rev. F. M. Conrad. For several months he was entirely laid aside. He is now busy among the churches, as well as attending to his duties as editor-in-chief of the *Observer*."

**Rev. Chas. W. Cushing, D. D.**, editor of the *American Reformer*, New York City, writes:

"For fifteen years I found myself gradually losing the power of endurance; my whole nervous system was giving way; my mind was losing its grip. Sleep was insufficient and unrefreshing."

"Under these circumstances, four years since I began using Compound Oxygen. Restful sleep followed. At the end of three months I found myself able to preach Sunday morning, teach a Bible-class of seventy-five or a hundred after sermon, attend an afternoon service often, and preach in the evening; and say in truth, at the close of my evening service, that I was not conscious of any more weariness than when I began in the morning. My mind has never worked better than during these four years, and in no other time of my life could I do as much work or do it with as much ease."

**Hon. Wm. Penn Nixon**, editor of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, writes:

"I have never given a testimonial to any patent medicine, and I would not; but I do not consider Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen a patent medicine. It is a vitalizer and a restorer, and to it I owe my life. In my family we set a high value on its efficacy in cases of need, and several of my friends have found the advantage of it. You may put me on record as being a hearty and thorough believer in it."

**Judge Flanders**, of New York, says:

"For many years I suffered from weak digestion and dyspepsia. In 1879 I was all run down in strength and spirits. Energy and ambition had departed. I commenced taking Compound Oxygen. In a month I improved so greatly that I was able to come to my office and do some legal work. I grew stronger, taking Compound Oxygen all the time, until to my astonishment and that of my friends, I was as fit as ever for hard work."

"My present health is such that I can, without hardship or undue exertion, attend to the business of my profession as of old. My digestion is good, my sleep is as natural and easy as it ever was, and my appetite is as hearty as I could desire."

**Mrs. M. Cator**, the widow of an eminent physician, the late Dr. Harvey Cator, of Camden, N. J., says: "The Oxygen had an immediate effect on me the first time Dr. Starkey gave it to me at the office. I had much to regain, for my lungs were seriously impaired and my body was greatly emaciated. In three or four months I was a new woman. Now I have a good appetite and I sleep well." This lady had a happy experience in being entirely rid of neuralgic pains of long standing. She also writes of a number of cures by means of this treatment which have come under her immediate notice.

**Mrs. Mary A. Doughty**, of Jamaica, L. I., tells a very remarkable story of her illness and restoration:

"Some twenty years ago I became a victim of the most intense nervousness and sleeplessness. I wasted away and was hopeless and helpless; I could not even turn myself in bed."

"Compound Oxygen drove away my sleeplessness. I am in good spirits and free from pain; eat moderately,

with fair appetite, and am not restricted in diet. Dyspepsia is gone."

"But for the Compound Oxygen I should still be in the helpless and emaciated condition I was of, more probably, in my grave. Under the blessing of God, Compound Oxygen raised me from the edge of the grave and opened to me a new life."

**Mrs. Mary A. Livermore**, the celebrated lecturer, says of her experience:

"Four years ago this spring, at the end of a very severe and exhaustive winter's work, I found myself utterly broken down in health. My physician recommended a trip to Europe. While in England some American acquaintances told us of the Compound Oxygen and were enthusiastic in its praises."

"My husband immediately ordered a Home Treatment. I used it for a month, punctiliously obeying the directions, before I began to rally. Then my return to good health was rapid, and since then I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted perfect health and youthful vigor."

**Judge R. S. Voorhes**, whose office is at No. 55 Broadway, N. Y., writes:

"I have just entered my sixty-second year. From infancy until I arrived at maturity, I was subject to catarrh in the head, which developed in the winter season in inflammation of the interior ear, going through the stage of suppuration. This tendency is inherited. The last attack of this kind I suffered, except a recent one, was about my majority, and resulted in final deafness in my left ear. Finally the right ear became so much impaired in hearing that I was obliged to abandon my profession, the law. It is now almost a year since I began the use of the Oxygen Treatment, under the advice of an aurist. Compound Oxygen at once began to build me up in a way that was surprising and most gratifying. My strength increased daily, the buoyancy of my spirits was enhanced, and my intellectual faculties brightened. Compound Oxygen, though slow, was wonderfully sure. The diseases in my system have finally yielded to the more powerful agent of Oxygen. It has broken up the destructive elements in my system and forced them out."

**Mr. George W. Edwards**, a well-known merchant and owner of St. George's Hotel, Philadelphia, says:

"I had Bright's disease. For three years I was so prostrated as to be unable to attend to business. I was utterly exhausted. Nearly all the while I suffered with severe neuralgic pain in my head and rheumatic pains in my joints. My digestion was miserable."

"I was in this exhausted condition when my friend, Mr. Arthur Hagan, of Front Street, who had been made a new man by the use of Compound Oxygen, said to me that he believed there would be some chance for me if I were to try that Treatment. I therefore did try it."

"Now I am able to attend to my business regularly and cheerfully. I live in the country and come to town every day. I sleep soundly; take a good deal of active exercise; eat everything I want, and my digestion is good."

**Frank Siddall**, of Philadelphia, whose name, because of his enterprise, is a household word everywhere, writes:

"I and my wife and son, also Mr. Johnson, a clerk in our employ, all owe our present good health to Compound Oxygen. I consider that in its discovery there has been given to the world something as valuable and as notable as Jenner gave it in the discovery of vaccination. I never lose an opportunity to speak a word in its favor."

**W. H. Whiteley**, Esq., a well-known silk manufacturer, of Philadelphia, considered himself one of the incurables, yet he now says:

"Compound Oxygen made me a new man. It was a severe test for the Treatment, for my nervous system was shattered, my digestion in bad order, my eyesight troubling me, my legs failing me, and my powers of sleep practically gone."

"I took the Treatment at Drs. Starkey & Palen's office. Improvement was not rapid. I had to be patient, but I continued the Treatment with persistent regularity and with the most satisfying results. I became able to attend to business. I could eat without distress and I could obtain refreshing sleep. My tormenting nerve-pains were gone. Compound Oxygen had triumphed over one of the worst cases of sciatica and nerve prostration that the doctors had ever known. I now enjoy excellent health—really enjoy it, for you can imagine what a joy it is to be well again after my long years of suffering."

"Any one who cares to read the full statement of this 'Right sort of a Jury,' may have it mailed promptly, free of cost, on application by letter to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1329 Arch Street, Philadelphia."